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Cover

Norris Dam, on Clinch River, in eastern Tennessee, was first dam built by TVA (see page 2). Named for Senator George Norris of Nebraska, author of TVA act, it has electric generating capacity of 100,000 kilowatts and is major flood-control storage dam on a Tennessee River tributary

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Memo from the Editors

Will the airplane ultimately destroy or unify mankind? Flight enthusiasts from forty-nine nations were airlifted to the United States this spring to confer on "The Humanities of Aviation in the Missile and Space Age." As members of the highly respected Fédération Aéronautique Internationale (FAI), founded in 1905, they underscored ways in which winged aircraft, missiles, and space projectiles can serve and preserve civilization (through delivery of medical supplies, food, and mail, for example).

FAI has always championed the humanitarian role of aviation. Less than two years after the first powered flight by the Wright brothers, the organization was set up to provide international control and guidance for the new science of airplane flying. To advance aviation sport and air touring, it established the first regulations for controlling and judging races and competitions for all classes of aircraft. Certifying records was another significant FAI pioneering effort. (Its records show strikingly how far aviation has come. For instance, the first speed record registered by FAI was made by Santos-Dumont of Brazil on November 12, 1906—41,292 kilometers an hour; the latest record belongs to Lieutenant Colonel Frank K. Everest for a speed of 1,215.298 kilometers an hour.) FAI produced pilot-licensing regulations and adopted international air navigation rules. Another goal has been to simplify air journeys for the private flyer. Finally, it encourages young people to find a career in aviation to help supply badly needed pilots, engineers, and mechanics.

Even the Soviet Union and five Soviet-satellite states were represented among the group of 150 FAI delegates, who took off for the United States from central points in Germany, Central America, and Australia. During their ten-day meeting they were flown all over the country by the U.S. Government's Military Air Transport Service. In New York they and their UN ambassadors were feted by the Wings Club; in Washington they were received by President Eisenhower and addressed at an Aero Club luncheon by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who has had, he said, "a little experience as an air traveler." (Those who have kept tabs on his whereabouts estimate that since his appointment in 1953 he has flown nearly five hundred thousand miles.) In the "Independent State of Texas" the delegates were greeted by the Governor and were overnight guests of aviation, civic, and government organizations. The conference wound up with six days of formal meetings in Los Angeles.

The American nations that belong to FAI are Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Ecuador, Guatemala (associate), Mexico, Peru, the United States, Uruguay and Venezuela. One of the Cuban delegates, Major Luis F. Ardois, who is president of the Cuban Aviation Club and former Vice-President of FAI for Latin America, told us his country is trying hard to stimulate interest in private flying. In the past couple of years, he said, some fifteen hundred visitors have flown there in their own planes from the United States alone.

Today aviation record-breaking has become more and more difficult and costly, and is generally impossible without the backing of the government or a wealthy company. But FAI is the international voice for the private pilot and private owner in the continuous and spirited competition in records for light aircraft, gliders, model aircraft, and parachuting. Its 1957 gold medal went to Colonel David G. Simons for his world's altitude record of over 101,000 feet in a balloon. A physician and space biologist, Colonel Simons is one of three aero-medical scientists considered the most likely American candidates to ride a projectile into space.

twenty-five years of

TVA

J. D. BROWN

IN 1933, when the Tennessee Valley Authority was created, the United States had on its hands an area slightly larger than Uruguay that was a grave economic liability.

The eighty thousand square miles of the Tennessee Valley presented a fairly typical picture of a backward region. It had 4.1 per cent of the nation's population and only 1.8 percent of the nation's personal income. Sixty-five per cent of its people were classed as rural, as compared with 36 per cent for the nation as a whole. Both population density and reproduction rates were much higher than the national average.

More than half of this land area is in forests. Only 20 per cent of the soils are classed as fair or better cropland. Rugged topography further limits agricultural capacity. Twenty-five years ago, natural resources were either seriously underdeveloped, as in the case of forests and water, or severely deteriorated, as in the case of the soils. The main artery of the Valley was the temperamental Tennessee River—in flood season wild and ravaging, at other times so languid and low that navigation was uncertain or impossible.

After twenty-five years of TVA—the anniversary is the eighteenth of this month—what is the Tennessee Valley like? Individual income has risen from 45 per cent of the national average to 63 per cent. More and more people are moving off marginal farms into the brand-new industries that the system has developed in the area. Those who have remained are producing more and doing it more effectively. The consumption of electricity in homes and on farms is sixty times what it was in the early 1930's—quintuple the rate of increase in the rest of the country. Malaria, once a scourge of the entire region, is gone. Floods are stopped before they start.

In asking Congress to set up TVA, President Franklin D. Roosevelt said it "should be charged with the broadest duty of planning for the proper use, conservation, and development of the natural resources of the Tennessee River drainage basin and its adjoining territory for the general social and economic welfare of the nation." This program was to be administered through "a corporation clothed with the power of government but possessed of

the flexibility and initiative of a private enterprise."

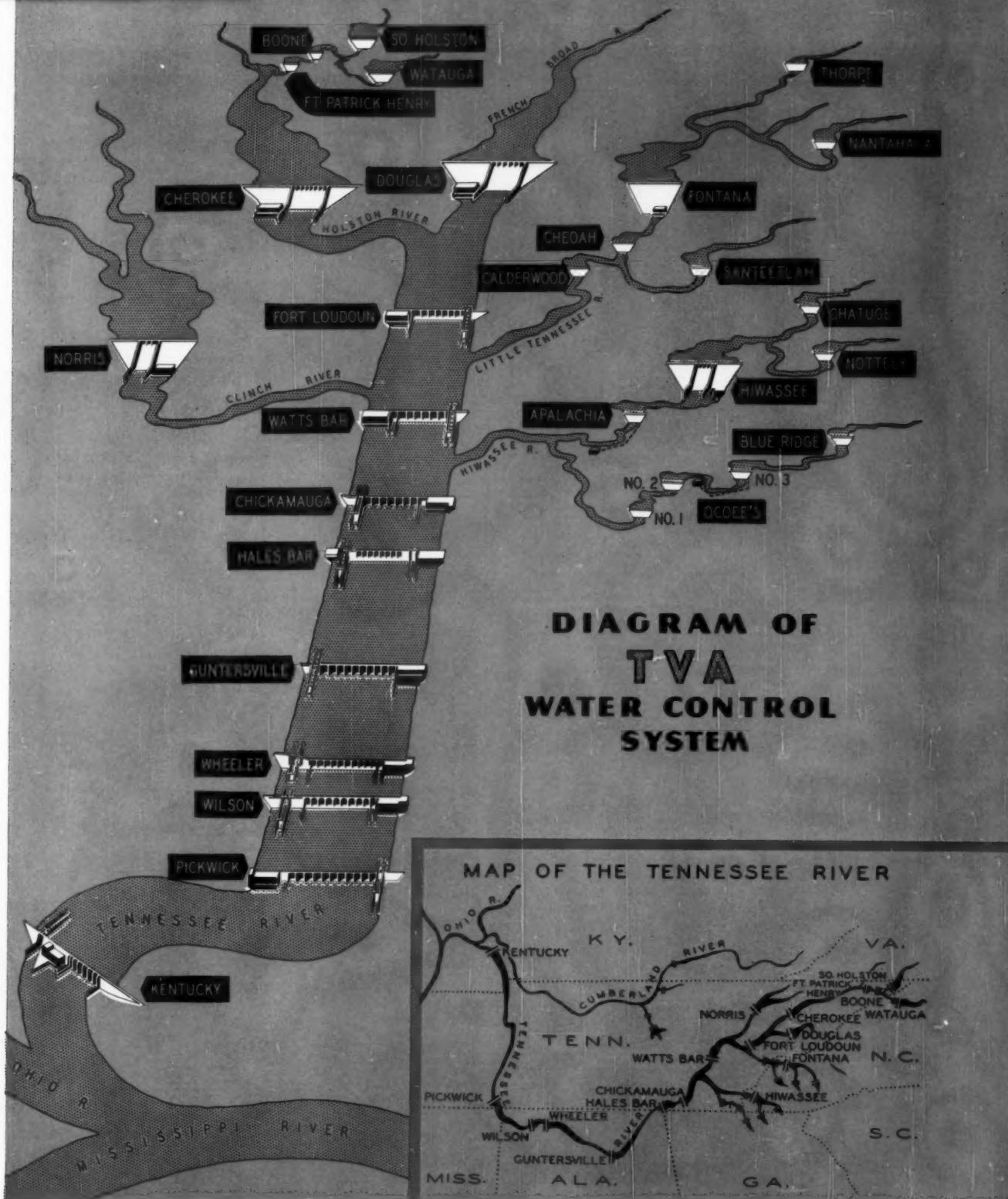
To see how this proposal has worked, kings, queens, princes, premiers visit TVA; in 1957 alone, some twenty-six hundred observers from eighty-three nations studied it. It is being copied in at least twenty projects in other countries, and parts of its program are being adapted in another twenty. In Latin America, six projects are referred to as the TVA's of their countries: in Brazil, the São Francisco project, covering 263,000 square miles in five states; in Colombia, the Cauca Valley project, in one of the country's most fertile agricultural areas; in El Salvador, the Lempa River program; in Mexico, the Papaloapan Basin development, about thirty-five miles south of the city of Veracruz; in Peru, the Santa Corporation, on the Santa River about 225 miles north of Lima; in Uruguay, the Rionegro project, named after the Rio Negro.

Why has TVA attracted such world-wide acclaim and admiration? Primarily because it represents an *idea*, a truly significant idea and a phenomenally successful one: that man, by controlling and using water from the time it strikes the land until it flows to the sea, can convert it from a dangerous foe into a valuable ally. The application of this idea involves three phases: First, land-use, fertilizer, and reforestation programs to keep the water from washing away tons of priceless topsoil and cut down on silting. Second, multipurpose dams and storage reservoirs to check angry flood waters; to level out the year-round water flow so that a nine-foot navigable channel adds 627 miles to the nation's inland-waterways system; to generate huge amounts of electric power, the dollars-and-cents part of the multipurpose system; and to open up a new recreational wonderland on the string of TVA lakes. Third, management and operation of this unified program under a decentralized federal agency, with headquarters in the region, that handles several specialized functions under one management.

Let us take specific examples of how this idea has worked for the benefit of the Tennessee Valley's five million people.

Carefully planned scheduling of water flow, by means of a system of thirty dams and storage reservoirs on the Tennessee River and its tributaries, has prevented direct flood damages amounting to \$132,000,000 on the for-

A graduate of Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, J. D. BROWN worked for TVA nine years. He is now with the American Public Power Association in Washington, D. C.



TVA's network of multipurpose dams. Integrated planning for an entire region has been so successful that many programs in countries all over the world are modeled on it



Before TVA control system went into operation, floods like this one at Paducah, Kentucky, plagued Tennessee Valley

merly wild Tennessee and on the lower Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The saving from property destruction made possible by the flood-control facilities in the mere thirteen years since they were completed already adds up to over 70 per cent of their cost; nearly half of this dates from a single week in 1957, when they successfully controlled what would otherwise have been the second-greatest flood in the recorded history of the Tennessee River. And the dams will last for another one to three hundred years.

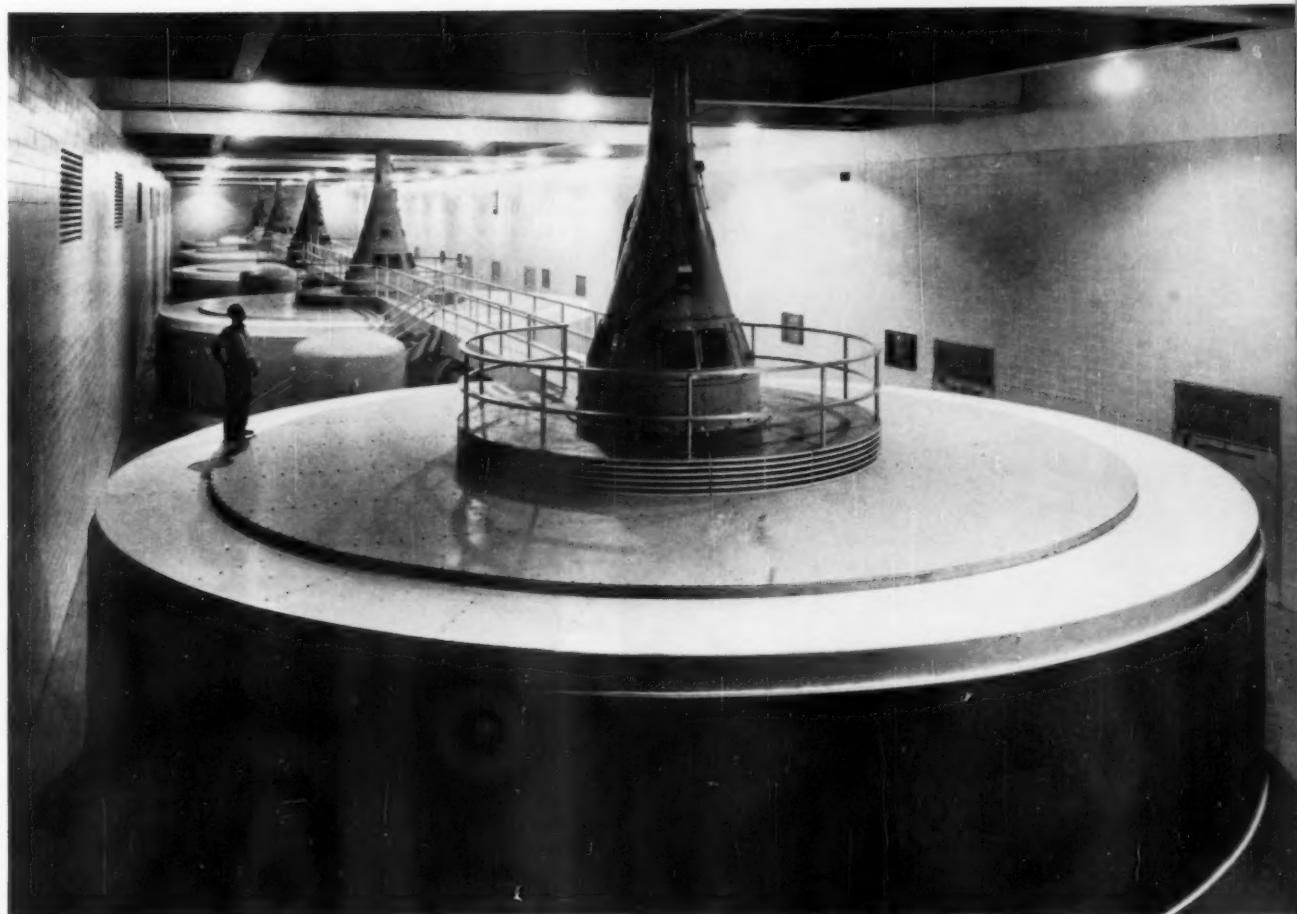
The TVA lakes have added a new industry—recreation. Private groups have invested millions of dollars in facilities for growing numbers of fishermen, boaters, swimmers, and vacationers in general.

Before TVA, the Tennessee River was not navigable the year round and river traffic was negligible. In 1945 the entire navigation system was completed, and from then to 1957 the traffic increased eightfold. It continues to rise, providing savings to shippers through lower transportation charges and promoting the interchange of goods between the Tennessee Valley and the rest of the nation.

TVA's electric power system has become the nation's largest integrated electricity network. Now a combination of hydroelectric power from dams and coal-produced power from huge steam-electric plants, it has been financially successful. Most importantly, it has demonstrated the effectiveness and financial soundness of encouraging mass consumption through low rates. Since the projects



Typical activities at a farm home in 1933. Today most Valley homes have electric washing machines, refrigerators, other appliances



Efficient generators at TVA hydroelectric plant produce cheap power. Dams' capacity is more than three million kilowatts



TVA chemical plant at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, makes experimental fertilizers, using power from Wilson Dam to run electric furnaces

were supposed to be "primarily . . . for the benefit of the people of the section as a whole," TVA deliberately set its rates at only about half those prevailing in the area before it was established. In turn, increased use of electricity has cut the unit cost of producing it and led to still lower rates. Today the average home in the Valley uses twice as much electricity as in the nation at large and pays less than half as much per kilowatt-hour. (TVA sells its power wholesale; it is distributed by municipalities, cooperatives, and two small private companies.)

A significant part of TVA's multipurpose responsibility is its resource-development program, based on the idea that, through technical help and encouragement, it should stimulate local agencies and people to make wider and more effective use of their land and resources. Better farming practices have been adopted; fertilizers are widely used to increase crop yields and revitalize soils; farm income has been diversified. The forests are better protected and managed, and more than 330,000,000 seedlings have been planted. Through TVA's fertilizer program, farmers in some thirty-five states in and out of



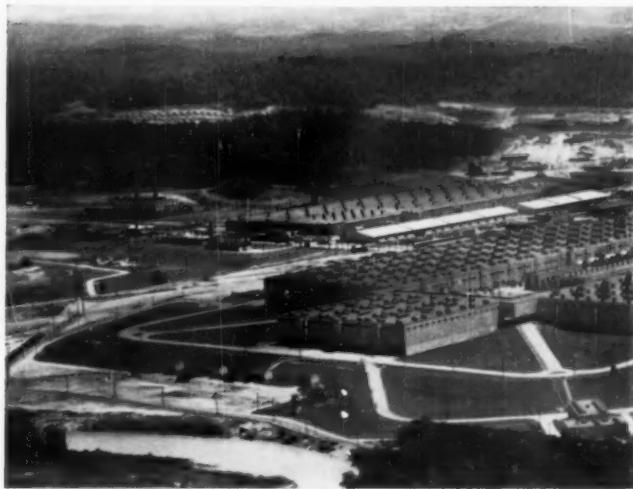
Land conservation and reforestation program guarantee long-term pulpwood supply that attracted paper mill to eastern Tennessee

Locks allow passage of ships through dams. River control provides 627-mile channel on Tennessee River to Knoxville



the Valley are introduced to improved fertilization practices; new fertilizers are also developed, which are then produced in commercial quantities by private manufacturers on royalty-free, non-exclusive licenses.

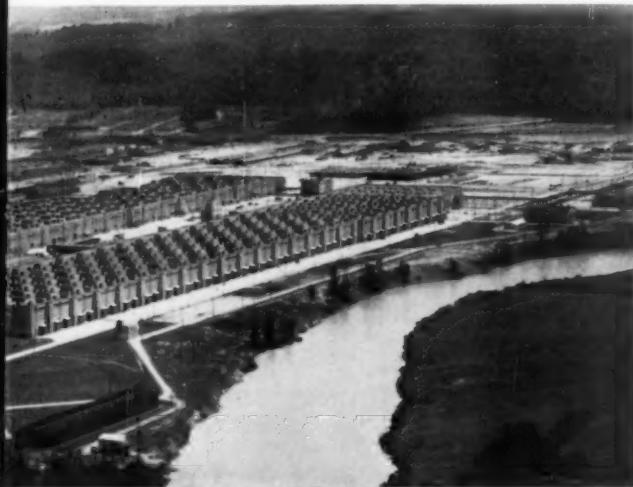
Having controlled the Tennessee River, TVA is now working with state and local agencies to apply the same principles to smaller streams within the Valley. While this does not always include dams, it does call for stream clearance, land practices that keep soil from washing



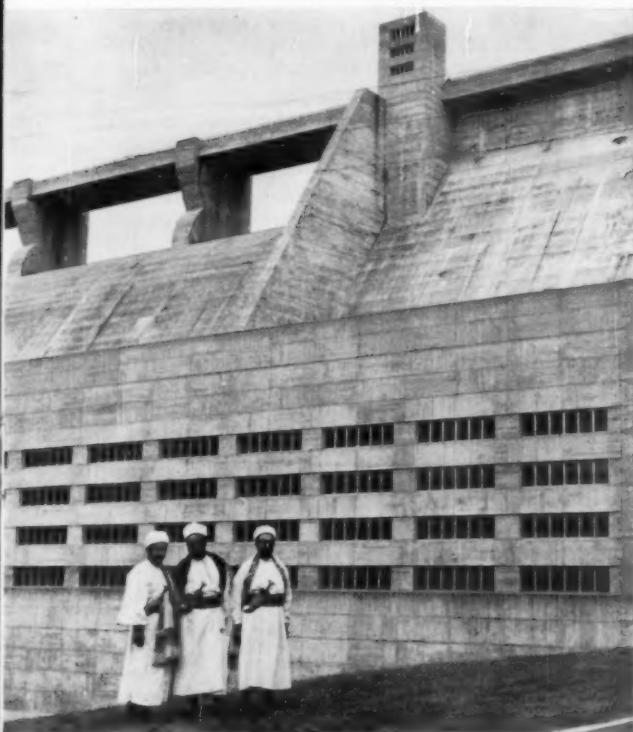
TVA system contributes twice as much electric power as is used in New York City to atomic plants at Oak Ridge (above) and Paducah

away, and other uses of natural resources to improve economic conditions.

The region's problems are not yet solved, by any means. There are still too many small, uneconomic farms and too few people working in non-farming areas. But in the past twenty-five years the people of the Valley have improved their living conditions enormously. As one result, the proportion they pay of the federal income tax has doubled since 1933. ♦ ♦ ♦



Visitors from Yemen at Norris Dam were among 2,600 from 83 foreign countries who studied installations on the spot last year



Before TVA, much of Tennessee Valley was eroded like land on right. TVA encourages planting of cover crops to hold soil, as on left

New recreational facilities are bonus of TVA development at lakes formed by dams





right-hand man

William Manger,
OAS Assistant Secretary General

HARRY W. FRANTZ

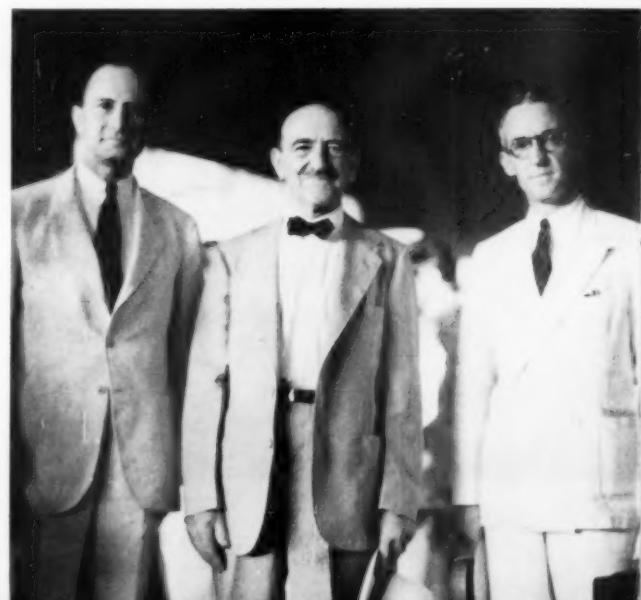
"I HAVE ALWAYS SAID that I am a very fortunate man. One of my greatest fortunes is the opportunity that I have had to know and to be associated with representative men not only of one country but of twenty-one countries." These were OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger's opening words when he went before the Council last November 14 to announce his "determination to retire" when his term expires May 18. As farewells are said, Washington observers will perceive that one of the ablest craftsmen of the inter-American diplomatic structure will be taking his leave. He is esteemed much like a university professor about to become emeritus.

For forty-three years "Doctor" Manger—as he is known to all, though he refers to himself simply as "Mister"—has been an integral part of the Pan American Union, no less familiar to the OAS staff and the Washington diplomatic corps than the Aztec fountain, the brightly colored macaws in the patio, or the white-trunked sycamores on the beautiful grounds. The marble exterior of the original building, built in 1910, has yellowed a little and the stone steps have worn smooth since Manger, as a boy of sixteen, came here to work in April 1915.

In recent years Dr. Manger has occupied a second-floor office in the southeast corner of the "old building" with a splendid view of the Mall and the Washington

Monument. The door is always "open"—to diplomats, government officials, reporters, visitors, OAS employees, in short, anyone who has need of his knowledge or his counsel. On the walls are the portraits of four men who inspired him in his youth: Andrew Carnegie, who largely financed the construction of the main building; Esteban Gil Borges, the celebrated Venezuelan diplomat; Leo S. Rowe, Director General of the Union for twenty-six years; and Francisco Javier Yanes, Assistant Director from 1910 to 1924.

When Dr. Manger completed forty years of service in 1955, the OAS Council met in his honor. Ambassadors



Since 1922, HARRY W. FRANTZ has been a Washington correspondent for the United Press, assigned "to write about whatever interests UP newspapers overseas, particularly in the American republics."

8 *Dr. Manger arrives in Havana for 1940 foreign ministers' conference with William Saunders (left), who succeeds him as Assistant Secretary General, and the late Leo S. Rowe, PAU Director General*

vied in expressions of tribute and appreciation, but he has always thought of himself as only "an inter-American civil servant." He would be the last to claim any personal credit for the transformation of an institution that in 1915 was little more than an international commercial bureau into the most powerful political, economic, and cultural regional system in the world—the Organization of American States.

William Manger was born in Richmond, Virginia, on September 22, 1899, the son of George and Helena (Lenz) Manger. In 1915 he was attending a private school in Washington, contemplating a business career. The Pan American Union was looking for a file clerk, and young Manger took the job. His supervisor, Mrs. William J. Kavanaugh, who soon recognized his unusual talent and diligence, urged him to continue his education and to specialize in Latin American history and inter-American affairs.

By dint of hard work and self-sacrifice, Manger rose from one position to another. After office hours he attended Georgetown University, where he received his Bachelor of Laws degree in 1921, his Master of Science in 1923, and his Doctor of Philosophy in 1926. His doc-



Assistant Secretary General in huddle over Costa-Rican-Nicaraguan dispute with then OAS Council Chairman Fernando Lobo of Brazil (left) and Argentine Ambassador Eduardo Augusto García, present Council Chairman

toral thesis was on the protection of foreign investments, then as now a key topic in inter-American affairs. In July 1925 he became the chief of the PAU Financial Section, and for the next nine years he worked unstintingly at preparing a number of valuable annual publications, assembling documentary material and drawing up preliminary agenda and regulations for inter-American conferences, and guiding the Union's first efforts in the public-relations field. During this time Dr. Manger did a great deal of the complex preparatory work that led to the permanent establishment of Pan American Day. The formal proposal, which was made by Brazilian Ambassador S. Gurgel do Amaral to the PAU Governing Board, was adopted in 1930, and the first official celebration of

the day was held the following year.

In February 1934 Dr. Manger became Counselor of the Union, and continued to devote much of his time to the behind-the-scenes but nonetheless essential and highly technical activities involved in preparing for inter-American conferences and in putting into effect the resolutions that came out of these meetings.

Eleven years ago, on July 2, 1947, Dr. Manger was unanimously elected Assistant Director of the Union by the Governing Board, a position he has held ever since, though the name was officially changed with the signing of the Charter at Bogotá in 1948. From that time he has been Assistant Secretary General of the Organization of American States. The Governing Board, incidentally, became the OAS Council.

Even Dr. Manger's personal life has been closely identified with the Pan American Union. On June 30, 1923, he married Anna Kleiser, Secretary to PAU Counselor Franklin Adams. They have two sons, William Franklin and John Edwin, and three charming grandchildren. For some years the Mangers lived in a small house (now the offices of AMERICAS) on the Union grounds, and Dr. Manger was willingly "on call" twenty-four hours a day. Now their home is in northwest Washington close by Rock Creek Park, where he still enjoys an occasional hike. His out-of-office interests have always been his family and, in recent years, his garden. At one time he shared Dr. Rowe's enthusiasm for tennis, and he smokes a pipe and Havana cigars—his closest friends can recall nothing more sensational about him.

Dr. Manger has quietly served as right-hand man and expert informant to six chiefs of the Pan American Union: John Barrett, Leo S. Rowe, Pedro de Alba (acting director for some months after Dr. Rowe's death), Alberto Lleras Camargo, Carlos Dávila, and José A. Mora. Besides handling multiple routine tasks in Washington, he has been attending international conferences all over this Hemisphere since 1923. The first was the Santiago Conference that year, concerned primarily with disarmament in the Americas; then the Havana Conference in 1928, which adopted Pan American codes of public and private international law; the Montevideo Conference in 1933, which approved the non-intervention declaration; the Lima Conference in 1938, which established the principle of inter-American consultation; the Bogotá Conference in 1948, which approved the Charter of the OAS; and the Caracas Conference in 1954, which adopted measures to discourage communism in the Western Hemisphere. He has also participated, in a technical capacity, in the four Meetings of Consultation of the Foreign Ministers of the American Republics: at Panama in 1939, Havana in 1940, Rio de Janeiro in 1942, and Washington in 1951. Dr. Manger was secretary general of the fourth meeting. He attended the Chapultepec Conference in Mexico City in 1945, which charted the course for preservation of the inter-American regional system within the projected United Nations Charter. Apart from actual attendance, Dr. Manger has helped with the preparatory and administrative work on so many technical and special-purpose inter-American conferences that only he

himself could now give all the dates and places.

Of particular importance to Western Hemisphere newsmen was the First Pan American Congress of Journalists, held in Washington April 7-13, 1926. In point of distinguished attendance, broad achievements, and valuable documentation, this Congress is still remembered as the most significant press meeting ever held in this Hemisphere. Dr. Manger served as secretary general of the Congress and, as I have mentioned, in those days was personally conducting the Pan American Union's press relations.

At all these historic assemblies, Dr. Manger's principal function was to apply the Pan American Union facilities to the preparation, smooth organization, and post-conference fulfillment of resolutions. As a result, he became acquainted with an extraordinary number of American statesmen and foreign-office and embassy officials on all levels. Among his many unreserved admirers was Senator Arthur Vandenberg, the architect of the Rio de Janeiro mutual-security treaty.

Add to this imposing list of duties and accomplishments Dr. Manger's efforts to establish close cooperation between the Pan American Union and women's organizations, schools and universities, chambers of commerce, libraries and other institutions, and his personal influence on inter-American relations becomes even more evident.



Retiring OAS officer with his wife, the former Anna Kleiser, at home near Washington's Rock Creek Park

Yet despite his multiple services—and many of them on dramatic occasions—Dr. Manger has rarely emerged from his willingly accepted—indeed, preferred—behind-the-scenes role. Countless reporters have called at his office, only to return to their typewriters to chronicle the plans and achievements of others. As he retires, newsmen will give Dr. Manger their accolade for that most esteemed public service: the cheerful acceptance of urgent telephone calls at home and at any hour.

The key to Dr. Manger's success, long-time colleagues suggest, is an extraordinary capacity both for writing and using official documents. The contents of his many

bookcases are almost entirely the records, proceedings, and annals of the inter-American system. A reporter entering his office unannounced would probably find him working at his desk, but whenever a question called for a precise answer, Dr. Manger would quickly turn to an appropriate reference volume. Then, with the visitor, he would sit down at a large round mahogany table to find the exact information.

This punctiliousness has over the years earned Dr. Manger a well-deserved reputation for encyclopedic knowledge of Pan American affairs. The hundreds of articles, pamphlets, and background documents he has written are the backbone of diplomatic documentation in this field.

Rarely has he written in a personal, non-official vein. One exception was an article for the Pan American Union *Bulletin* in 1937: "A Rendezvous with Life—A Voyage to South America." Speculating about his ship companions, he wrote: "Here we have a real cross section of the life of a Continent . . . Traveling on a ship of this character . . . is in itself a liberal education that gives one an insight into what the people of other parts of the Continent are thinking and what they are doing. Contact with them is an admirable introduction to the countries one is planning to visit."

For the past twenty-five years Dr. Manger has been lecturing at Georgetown University, and after he leaves the Union he plans to continue in an academic career. He will give courses at the Georgetown School of Foreign Service on Latin American history and will conduct a seminar in the Graduate School on politics and governments of Latin America. He will also continue to write on international affairs in the Western Hemisphere. Incidentally, his best-known publications in this field, written for the Pan American Union, are *The Basic Principles of the Inter-American System* and *Pan American Post-War Organization*. The latter was published in 1944 and was an invaluable guide to government officials and diplomats who were anticipating the international readjustments certain to follow the war.

Many people will remember Dr. Manger as a gracious but unostentatious host at countless functions in the Hall of the Americas and at open-air concerts on moonlit nights in the Aztec garden. Others will picture him as he swiftly delivered documents to conference tables and whispered information or advice. There was always something quiet and deft about such minor transactions that seemed to inspire confidence. Swift recall and a tremendous accumulation of facts made him an ideal conference aide.

Diplomats and students of inter-American affairs are keenly aware that William Manger's tireless efforts, his "know-how," and his constant purpose have made a real and lasting contribution to friendship and cooperation among the American nations. He has helped to give the regional system an internal "sense of tradition" and to foster its day-by-day technical efficiency. In decades to come, there will be thousands of such civil servants. But Dr. Manger will always be remembered as the pioneer. • • •



CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY PLAYERS GO SOUTH

Drama on Tour

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD J. FLECKNOE

BETWEEN THE MIDDLE of June and the end of August, university students and drama lovers in the major cities of Central and South America will have a chance to enjoy a play written, directed, and acted by members of a U.S. university community.

The production of *The Song of Bernadette*—adapted by Jean and Walter Kerr from the Franz Werfel novel—will tie in with celebrations this year of the hundredth anniversary of the apparition of the Virgin Mary to the French peasant girl Bernadette Soubirous in the grotto at Lourdes. Eighteen undergraduate and graduate students from the speech and drama department of The Catholic University of America make up the flying troupe. Their tour will be part of the President's Special International Program for Cultural Presentations. The University received a State Department invitation to make the trip after it had been unanimously proposed, in recognition of its high standing in collegiate dramatics, by the American Educational Theater Association and the Drama Panel of the American National Theater and Academy.

Before the tour started, the play had a two-week run in Washington, D.C., to give the actors and actresses the feel of their parts and accustom them to the extra duties they will have on the road. Because of limited plane

Bernadette, played by Jane Reilly, sees vision of Virgin Mary in the grotto at Lourdes

HAROLD J. FLECKNOE is a staff member of the Washington Star Sunday Magazine.



Waiting for stage call, Catholic University actresses relax or study



University players press their own costumes in dressing room before rehearsal of opening scene



space, members of the cast will double as the technical crew and take care of other backstage chores, such as shifting scenery and laundering, mending, and making costumes. The sets, designed by James D. Waring and Joseph Lewis, will also be doubled up: each wooden scenery frame carries two canvases. The measurements for these flats and for the lighting equipment have been carefully calculated for fitting into transport planes and trucks. The Reverend Gilbert V. Hartke, O.P., head of the speech and drama department, directed the play, but official duties will keep him from joining the players on the trip.

Father Gilbert V. Hartke and voice coach Josephine McGarry Callan tell Jane (second from right) how to play scene

The Kerrs, a husband-and-wife team, collaborated on the Broadway revue *Touch and Go* and have a new musical play, *Goldilocks*, scheduled to reach the New York stage in the fall. Walter is drama critic of the New York *Herald-Tribune* and Jean is the author of a current best-seller, *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. Their dramatization of the Bernadette story, made without reference to the motion picture while Walter was a faculty member and Jean a student at Catholic University, was produced on the University campus in 1944 and went on to Broadway with a professional cast.

Even though it will be given in English, the State Department expects this polished production to draw good houses in Central and South America. The University has had plenty of experience with such tours. Since 1952 six of its productions have visited Korea, Japan, the Arctic, France, and Germany.

Another U.S. collegiate drama group, from the University of Minnesota, toured Brazil last August and September. Other Latin American tours this year under the international cultural program will be made by Woody Herman's Band; the San Francisco Ballet; the New York Philharmonic; and the Stanley String Quartet, composed of members of the faculty of the University of Michigan.

• • •



Doctor Douzous (Joseph Salyers) backstage



Graduate student who plays role of Louis Bouriette makes up before performance



During dramatic scene in the Soubirous home, mother (Myrna Pagan) questions daughter Bernadette about visions at Massabièle Grotto

between the EARTH and the SKY

QUITO, CAPITAL OF ECUADOR

ALFONSO MOSCOSO CÁRDENAS

A CITY is an atmosphere. More than the routes of its streets and the tranquillity or bustle of its squares, more than the looks and manner of its inhabitants, more than the very landscape from which it rises, what defines and distinguishes a city is a spirit that transcends these formal components.

A city changes. One generation's bad taste reshapes with eager zeal what was left by the good taste of its predecessor, or vice versa. Progressive city fathers order old quarters torn down and new ones built in conformity with plans appearing in magazines arrived by the latest post. Sentimentalists lament the cruelty with which the traditional city is demolished and clangorous factories are set in its place. But before long the motley jumble of alien elements is assimilated. And the altered city remains the same, because it is what it is for reasons that go deeper and further than the appearance of its streets, the convenience of its municipal services, or even the conscious preoccupations of its inhabitants.

Thus there are blithe cities and gloomy cities; suspicious cities and trustful cities; cities that fling themselves impetuously upon each passing minute and cities that recline placidly, winning their place in the sun as if by a miracle.

Fixed among the highest peaks of the American mountains are cities with the mark of Castile indelibly branded on their living Indian flesh—cities that, absorbed in contemplation of their past, seem to isolate themselves from the urgent business of the world and live almost entirely from within, devouring themselves, as it were. Among these contemplative cities are Cuzco, Peru; Antigua, Guatemala; and Quito, Ecuador.

Quito lies squeezed between green hills—the counterforts of Pichincha, a minor and now disused weapon in the country's battery of volcanoes—on the central plateau of the Ecuadorian Andes. Depending on whether one measures from the tower of San Juan Church, in one of the highest districts, or from the banks of the Machángara, the little stream that wanders through the town, it is 8,989 or 9,318 feet above sea level. Fourteen miles north of the Plaza de la Independencia, the city's oldest, runs the equator. It is only a few minutes' journey be-

tween the square and the marker for tourists bent on obtaining the snapshot *de rigueur*: one foot in the northern hemisphere and the other in the southern.

If with the same latitude Quito were at sea level, it would be surrounded by jungle; if with the same altitude it were at the latitude of—let us say—Portland or Chicago, it would be covered with perpetual snow. But where it is, lifted on towering crags at the center of the earth, it is surrounded by a landscape agonized yet forever new and shrouded in a strange and perennial mixture of autumn and spring.

Quito wakes up shivering, dew sparkling on the leaves, waiting for a sun that gets there late because it has to climb the surrounding mountain ranges. The first to rouse are the church bells, and no one can tell whether their pealing adds to the morning trembles or chases away the cold. All huddled up, the faithful enter the temples, the start of their prayers emerging in little clouds of steam. And suddenly the sun leaps up, to dive into a clear deep-blue sky. Nothing interrupts the fullness of the blue but the sunlight itself. The air becomes temperate. A luminous, subtle, diaphanous air in which breathing is like drinking wine and looking is like shooting off an arrow. Life is beautiful and witticisms leap from mouth to mouth. People choose the "paths on the sunny side" to walk on—"paths" is what they call sidewalks. But, if we consider their style of walking and take into account the pristine meaning of the word "path," the Quito phrase becomes correct after all. For soon, as the sun approaches the meridian and begins to blaze with tropical sternness, they will choose the "paths on the shady side," four or five degrees cooler. And an irresolute saunter back and forth across the street between the sunny paths and the shady ones is perhaps the most telling characteristic of the city's personality.

At midday half the city is all movement and chat, the other half is all silence, blotted out in shadow. The easy and cheerful joke of the morning has turned into a keen-edged and venom-tipped epigram, a dart that flies swift and sure to lodge in the back of the appointed victim. But if one wishes to laugh one must make haste, for already, off in a corner of the sky, sounds the distant trumpet of melancholy summoning its troops of gray clouds. They come, ever blacker, ever bigger, ever fiercer. They dash together, trample each other, hurl themselves into the assault until they tumble down in rain. A slashing, violent, flooding storm is to be hoped for, because then the night will be clear, brilliant with stars and

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Painting of Quito by Ecuadorian artist Oswaldo Guayasamín

romance, and the next morning blue and limpid as never before. A light rain means having to wait through three, four, six consecutive gray days with showers off and on.

But, rain or no, the night is cold and the wind mows down memories like a scythe. One seeks the warmth of one's hearth or poncho; beauties take refuge in their furs and poets in their mufflers. There is a drink for all in elegant bar or humble saloon. With equal pleasure, even to tears, the patrons of one and the other listen to sad songs hardly surpassing the tremulous monotony of a lament. In one of the hilltop neighborhoods, a downcast lover goes by all alone, carrying a guitar like a coffin for his illusions, to serenade his faithless sweetheart, just at the hour when little old women wrapped in shawls are gathering one by one to recite their early-morning rosary.

For that is how Quito is, always has been—from the very day of its founding by the Spaniards on the site of the ancient capital of the Kingdom of the Shiris, on December 6, 1534—and always will be: half celestial, half earthy. "Quito, outskirts of heaven," it was called by Jorge Reyes, one of its notable poets. As soon as the Bishop, the Governor, and the Mayor had appropriated for themselves three sides of the main square and set aside the fourth for the Cathedral of Our Lord, the remaining lots were divided between the soldiers of the Conquest and the saints of heaven.

It was the poorest saint that received the most beau-

tiful lodgment, for to St. Francis was given an eight-acre site on which had stood the palaces and pleasure domes of Atahualpa, illegitimate son of the conqueror Huayna Capac and Inca of the northern part of Tahuantinsuyo. Not for nothing did the noble Jodoco Ricke de Marsalaer, a cousin of Emperor Charles V, appoint himself *il Poverello's* spokesman. Ricke was to be connected in gratifying and unforgettable fashion with the history of the city. He began by prevailing upon Diego de Almagro to change the city's name from the original Santiago to Muy Noble y Muy Leal Ciudad de San Francisco de Quito, in homage to the Seraphic Saint. Then he planted there the first wheat to sprout in America. And finally, he brought with him two masons, Germán and Jácome, who superintended the construction—thanks to the munificence of his cousin the Emperor—of three churches, seven cloisters, and a kitchen garden. This imposing group, with an Herreran façade and set on a magnificent platform, has been compared to an Escorial at the foot of the Andes, smaller but just as austere and moving as the one in the Sierra of Guadarrama.

Other plots were assigned to St. Augustine, St. Peter Nolasco (founder of the Mercedarians), and St. Dominic, and monasteries were built on them. St. Ignatius Loyola arrived later, but steps had been taken to assure him a site opposite the very one occupied by the Cathedral itself, on which another of the marvels of Quito colonial



Street corner in Quito. Steps climb the valley wall, outskirts probe the sky

architecture was to be built: the Church of the Company of Jesus. By just under three centuries ago there rose, in the midst of a city whose built-up area did not exceed one square mile, fifteen convents and no less than forty of the fifty-seven churches now existing in Quito.

All this magnificence—of cupolas and towers, of stone faades marvelously sculptured, of gilded retablos, of dazzling carved ceilings, of colonnaded cloisters with precious paintings of the Quito school hanging on their

Boothblacks, money changers, photographers, beauty shops, auctioneers keep things humming around this Quito arcade



walls—was erected on rough ground split by erosion. Nearly a dozen ravines seventy-five to a hundred feet deep and as many wide rent the city. Through them flowed the waters from Pichincha on their way to the Machángara. These provided the city with its primitive drainage system and popular fantasy with the primary source of its gloomy mysticism. Through one roamed the ghost of a beheaded priest; in another resounded a drum that beat itself and that passed at a certain hour through the deserted streets of the neighborhood, forever beating; in that one over there a specter in an enormous hat waited to frighten young girls walking to early Mass; in the last lurked the devil himself to play some of those devilish pranks of his that were eventually frustrated by the discovery of electric light and the increasing efficiency of the police force.

The principal houses, with proud coats of arms on their stone lintels, sought the level patches to spread out their patios and orchards. More modest houses huddled against the crests of the hills. In between, a maze of little streets climbed and swooped, sometimes tipping at such an angle that from below they looked as if they touched the sky. They are still there: one climbs up and, panting, finds oneself enveloped in a beautiful sunset or a rosy dawn.

But on the edge of the celestial outskirts, the most recently fallen angels were already conspiring. Eugenio Espejo, who was in correspondence with the Colombian philosophers Nariño and Caldas, established what he called the Escuela de la Concordia, the first association of revolutionary intellectuals; a few years later, on August 10, 1809, Quito rebels imprisoned the representative of the Spanish Crown in his own palace and proclaimed the first constitution of Quito. To be sure, the new nation's life was to be of lightning brevity and to end a year later amidst the echoes of punitive musketry.

Now it was the turn of the other grantees of Quito property: the soldiers. On May 24, 1822, the residents of Quito watched from the roofs of their houses as General Antonio José de Sucre won their political independence in a battle on the peaks to the west. In 1830, the notables of Quito met in open council to declare the creation of the Republic of Ecuador under the presidency of General Juan José Flores. And for a hundred years to come, the tread of martial boots echoed intermittently over the cobbled streets. Some marched behind the banners of liberty; others followed the pennons of despotism; still others were led merely by the enticements of ambition.

But then Quito, like an eagle in its rocky nest, would vanish again into its silent sleep and its hope. With the Tejar cemetery climbing up the heights to the northwest and the San Diego cemetery plunging into a gorge to the southwest, between Panecillo and Pichincha, it seemed to cling tighter and tighter, with the trembling claws of its dead, to the high and majestic solitude of its mountains. And from its half a hundred bell towers came the same sonorous courses under the same sky, diaphanous and impassive as oblivion.

After almost a century of republican life, about 1922,



In a city of churches, Jesuit Church of La Compañía is an architectural marvel

the houses of the capital began to leap over its sheepcote of hills—first northward over San Blas, the gentlest, to the plain of Iñaquito. They began by bunching themselves around an ancient commons that took the republican name Parque 24 de Mayo. Actually, there was something wayward and frivolous about this flinging of houses toward the plain without plan or purpose. The architects and promoters applied the term “citadels” to these clusters of new dwellings on supposititious streets, but I shall always remember the illustrious Quito writer Gonzalo Zaldumbide saying to me at the time: “What they’ve done is simply to pitch camp there.”

All the same, it is from this period that the modern urban growth of Quito dates. Starting then, first in primitive fashion by means of “city beautiful” committees, then more scientifically under municipal jurisdiction, development was increasingly controlled by systematic planning and the establishment of public services. The results have been notable. In the past twenty years Quito has more than doubled in size. Construction continues at the rate of more than four hundred buildings a year, nowadays within an expert plan under which nearly twenty-seven and a half million square feet of street have been paved with stone or asphalt and the last of the ravines that used to drain the city have been equipped with sewers and filled in. Municipal services, particularly water and electricity, have increased similarly or perhaps even faster.

Quito has always lived and grown at its own expense. It leveled its hillocks to make the adobe for its walls and the tiles for its roofs; it wrested from its subsoil the



Church of San Francisco, patron saint of the capital, is city's largest

stone that was sculptured on its façades, that was piled up in its towers, that formed the colonnades of its patios, that buttressed its bridges; it felled the surrounding forests to carve its paneling and its altars, to beam its houses. And it always drank the water from its own insides.

First it drank from its own wounds—for Las Llagas (The Sores), possibly another bit of homage to its patron saint, was the name given to the streams of clear, cold water that slaked the thirst of its first inhabitants. Then it used the Pichincha Spout, another wound gushing from its flanks, and later other streams from the peaks round-about. Only as a last resort was it decided to pump up the transient waters of the Machángara. And with each new day the water supply became less adequate.

All sorts of ideas were thought of then for making use of distant waters, but the budgets they demanded were dismally exorbitant. Until Harold T. Smith, Inc., arrived with a project that had not occurred to anybody—a project that, most singularly, for it was unintentional, conformed to the tradition and, in a sense, the destiny of Quito. This company proposed to bore deep wells to take advantage of the underground waters in the natural basin beneath the city. The project will assure the Quito of 1972, with an estimated population of 380,000, of sixty-six gallons daily per inhabitant. In January of last year the so-called “Immediate Project” was successfully completed thanks to the technology of the Smith company, the efforts of successive administrations during almost twenty years, and the help of the Export-Import Bank. Quito now has eleven deep wells—from about 150



Ornate interior of eighteenth-century Church of La Merced

to 350 feet—of modern type, with gravel filters. A real distribution system has also been built to replace the inefficient and decrepit old one and to supply the newer districts. To complete the program, a treatment works, which includes a hydroelectric plant, has been built on El Placer Hill.

And what is to be said of electricity in Quito, the "Light of America"? Thus the city was baptized by an enthusiastic and fanciful native son, surely just because it was a city in the dark. For obvious geographical reasons of inaccessibility, Quito never had gaslight. Until 1908, when Edison's bulb was turned on for the first time there, citizens were obliged by municipal ordinance to hang from their balconies or at least from their front doors lanterns with wax candles in them—their size, number, and duration corresponding to the householder's

generosity or avarice. When the lanterns went out, not even the crickets lighted up, as they did in that ballad of Garcia Lorca's. In the dark, empty streets, only the watchman's nose and perhaps the heart of some errant adventurer were lit up. This was the dreamy era—from which it may not have been worth the trouble to emerge—when a full moon meant something. But if urban progress is measured by the consumption of electricity, Quito's is certainly great. The Quito Electric Company produces at present six times as many kilowatt-hours as in 1944 and expects to treble this figure upon completion of a program now being carried out under contract with the U.S. firm of John J. Harte and with the financial help of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

Quito has always been half bureaucratic, half rural. Ever since the colonial period, when it was the capital of the Presidency of the same name, the seat of a Royal Audiencia, and the headquarters of judges, heirs-apparent, and encomenderos, it has always had two principal sources of revenue: the farm and the budget. Its economic and social structure and the activities of its people were founded equally on the tasks of working the soil and trading in its products and on the duties of administration and the ins and outs of polities. From these came not only Quito's daily bread but a shifting relationship—sometimes harmonious, sometimes pugnacious—between its squirearchy and its governors. And thus the people of Quito forever moved back and forth between the plow and the pen, between the gun and the guitar, between the missal and the ferocious libel, between the market place and the literary forum, between the pastoral ode and the conspiracy.

Time works slowly but ceaselessly; in the end the urgent wave of the Industrial Revolution battered against the Quito crags. With less than three hundred thousand inhabitants, the city has about twelve thousand families dependent on industry, organized within the excellences and weaknesses of contemporary trade-unionism and protected by one of the most advanced labor codes in Latin America. There are many factories. Nevertheless, the economic and social life of Quito still revolves around agricultural production and public administration. In the background is an efficient and even economically significant independent artisanry, within the half-effaced but still perceptible outlines of a decaying guild organization. And a feudal substructure, now remote but there underneath, can still be discerned.

All this, to be sure, now wears twentieth-century dress. As for agriculture, the advance of communications and transport has produced wider and more complex markets. The phenomenon of tentacular concentration of population is also evident: the peasant moves off the land into the city; the estate-owner, away from the province into the metropolis. Evolution is perhaps even more apparent in public administration. In place of the Office of the President and his three Ministers, which less than a hundred years ago constituted the entire machinery of government, there are now the various departments of the presidency, the Office of the Vice-President, the

Council of State, eight large ministries, the General Comptrollership of the Nation, the permanent legislative committees when the full Congress itself is not in session, the Supreme Court, the Quito Superior Court, the corresponding judicial corps, the Superintendency of Banks, the Central Bank, the Development Bank system, the Employees' Pension Funds, the Workmen's Insurance Fund, and the Social Welfare Institute, all operating in the city. When to these are added the personnel of such autonomous official institutions as the public-welfare service and of the broad and complex municipal administration, the teaching staffs of 150 schools and colleges, and a large part of such national services as the armed forces, it becomes plain that the public purse is of vital importance to the city's economy.

These circumstances have created in Quito an extensive and growing middle class, surely the largest of any city in Ecuador and possibly one of the best organized and most vigorous in America. As in the past, it is still courted and directed at the same time by two worlds: one economic, adjusted to the sluggish rhythm of agricultural production; the other political, adjusted to the universal haste of modern times. Thus the man of Quito lives at an uneven pace, as if always desperately dragging himself from sloth into action. The contrast acts on him like a spur, propelling him toward an extraordinary restlessness of mind. With an uncommon hunger for culture, he lifts his spirit above the dust of the bullfights he loves to attend, above the disconsolate cadence of the dirges he sings, above the fumes of the *aguardiente* he drinks, toward books (he reads insatiably), toward pictures (he either paints himself or views lovingly), toward news (he collects and analyzes information passionately), toward dreams and hope. It would be a slow job even to summarize the accomplishments of Quito's poets and painters, novelists and critics, philologists and essayists. Yet every Quito citizen, half peasant and half clerk, carries something of each within his breast, just as his city hides an immense reservoir of clear water.

So this is Quito—rebuilt, grown, transformed. Twice as large as twenty years ago, with three times as many schools and colleges, six times as much water, and eight times as much electricity. It has a thoroughly modern university city on one of its hills; it is about to open an airport with concrete runways capable of receiving the largest international airplanes; it has built playgrounds, green spaces, and ornamental drives. It is full of movie theaters, of restaurants that sell music and drugstores that sell ice cream; it has no place to park and its radio stations broadcast a hundred words of commercial propaganda for every two of song lyrics. Quito is, in short, a modern city.

Yet in the streets of the hilltop neighborhoods the paces of time are still heard—slow, tranquil footsteps that do not even crush the blades of grass that spring up between the stones. The sighing wind lifts its hat on the street corner opposite a tall eucalyptus from which the day swings like a hanged man. Life draws back from the turmoil down below. There is an atmosphere at once pious and irreverent: a strange atmosphere of angelic



San Francisco Monastery has paintings attributed to Rubens, others by Miguel de Santiago, founder of Quito school

picarequeness. Quito, like an eagle alone in its craggy nest, holds fast to the green peak with the claws of its dead; spreads over the southwest a wing of tradition, opens toward the northeast a wing of hope, and fastens its beak of towers upon a sky that is blue, profound, and diaphanous. Quito the introspective contemplates and dreams. • • •

Strollers choose sunny or shady side of the street according to time of day and temperature



Siloé helps itself

THE STORY OF A COLOMBIAN NEIGHBORHOOD

Josephina R. Albano

SILÓÉ is a hillside slum that sprang up on the outskirts of the flourishing provincial capital of Cali, one of Colombia's leading cities. The steep streets, scarcely more than rain-washed gullies, command an impressive view of the surrounding countryside; at night the faint lights glimmering from the bamboo shacks touch the hillside with a deceptive beauty. The community is a mosaic of Colombians from many different departments—enterprising Antioquians; hard workers from Santander; light-hearted people from Huila; peace-loving folk from Nariño; gay, turbulent coast-dwellers. Many were drawn toward the city to better themselves, in the farm-to-factory migration that is a familiar by-product of the industrial revolution now under way in Latin America. Others, once residents of Cali, were forced out from the center of town by explosive population growth. Some were refugees from the political violence that used to erupt throughout the country.

Nearly twenty thousand people have pushed up the slopes of Siloé, crowded into 106 acres of municipally owned land—equivalent to about forty city blocks. But at the time of my story they enjoyed few municipal services. There was a water shortage, no sewage system, inadequate garbage collection, no police or fire protection. The people worked in the near-by coal mines, the local glass factory, in the scattering of shops—or not at all. Mostly, their idea of relaxation was to drop into a bar or visit with neighbors around the town pump.

The plight of Siloé was brought to the attention of the OAS-sponsored Inter-American Housing Center in Bogotá by the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Valle, which had conducted health and sanitation surveys there. The Center's trainees, on scholarship from all over the world, are offered a six-month housing course followed by field projects in rural or urban rehabilitation. Study of a given area provides them with an opportunity to decide what physical, social, and economic changes are necessary for the survival of people living under sub-standard conditions and then to apply the theories of community development learned in the classroom. The Housing Center agreed that Siloé was a typical Latin American low-income area, duplicated in cities like Rio, Caracas, and Lima, and therefore ideal for training students in urban renewal.

Last June a twelve-member team from CINVA, as the Housing Center is known from the initials of its name in Spanish, arrived in Cali. They represented eleven countries and six different professions—law, architecture, anthropology, social work, engineering, and economics. Alec Bright, a British architect from the Isle of Wight, was the team director, and I was co-director. So that our field work would have the widest application, we would

prepare a technician's report on the ten-week project for use elsewhere in the Hemisphere.

To give permanence to our scheme, we first secured the cooperation of the civil and religious authorities in Cali and all private institutions with connections in Siloé. Next, with the help of the Faculty of Medicine, we got in touch with the neighborhood leaders.

We held meetings in three sections of Siloé to enlist the people's support. One convened at 7:00 P.M. in front of a grocery store, called by the widowed owner, a matriarch who lives with her married children. After we had introduced the individual team members and outlined our goals, we read a letter we planned to send the thousands of residents and invited the eighty-two people in attendance to tell us about their problems. They were courteous but unconvinced.

Amid a general murmur of agreement, Mrs. María Londoño de Corros said: "Even if it doesn't do any good, I am going to get this off my chest. The garbage problem is serious, since the neighbors up above throw theirs either into the patios below or into the gullies. We have asked the city to put up a sign forbidding the throwing-out of garbage, but it did no good. Besides, there is favoritism everywhere. The people who offer help skip the poorest among us and the Negroes."

"I come from a tidy family, but how can I keep clean when we have no water? Sometimes our clothes go three weeks without washing. The children are alive because God is still with us; at least we have no typhoid or smallpox. We have no money to buy medicine so when we get sick we have to cure ourselves with herbs grown in the patio or depend on a neighbor."

We reminded her of the local Social Security Center, which offers medical services.

"Yes, but Siloé has grown so fast that you have to wait your turn, and that usually takes two weeks. A child could die in that time."



JOSEPHINA R. ALBANO of Brazil is chief of the PAU Section of Social Work.



Energetic young people of Siloé at work on civic improvements

We promised the people gathered there that night that one of our first jobs would be to alleviate the water shortage—the Haitian engineer on our team would see to that. This tangible evidence of our concern for their welfare was obviously well received, and when the meeting broke up we felt we had made a good beginning.

From then on our project fell into a definite pattern. After the letters of information were circulated, we made a four-day preliminary survey of a slice of Siloé that seemed a good cross section. The students were divided into pairs to make a house-to-house canvass with questionnaires carefully designed to provoke detailed information on vital statistics, income and expenses for each member of the family, social attitudes, housing conditions, and so on. From these data the architects found out what kind of housing was the most common; the lawyer studied the legal status of the land; the economists analyzed employment; the social workers investigated the school situation, religious ties, clinics, and other social services; and the anthropologist surveyed customs, tensions, and the like.

Our survey of 1,021 people showed that 578, or slightly more than half, were under nineteen years old; 350 were between nineteen and forty-five. Ninety-eight men and 234 women had never received formal instruction; of the 591 who knew how to read and write, few had attended secondary school. Understandably, then, the monthly family income averaged only 252 pesos (approximately \$42). The questionnaire revealed the following priority for living costs: food; clothing; miscellaneous expenses; water, light, and heat; housing.

Nearly six thousand new people had come in just since 1954, and housing had become a serious problem. Most residents were squatters, without title to their lands, although some had tried to buy them from the municipal authorities. Precarious construction was common, along with lack of space, light, and privacy (a family's access to its home was sometimes through a neighbor's patio).

Curiously, family ties were strong, even after marriage. But there was little group recreation. The women took their children and washed clothes together with their neighbors on the banks of the Cañaveralejo River, about a mile away. During the winter, when the river was in flood, even this social contact was cut off.

A Water Society had been formed a few months before and an aqueduct had been built, but it served less than half the families, chiefly those living at the base of the hill. They sometimes sold water—or even rented their bathrooms—to those who lived beyond reach of the meager water supply. The availability of water thus became a mark of social prestige.

Mistrust of our project continued to crop up in Siloé, and it was whispered about that we were making political capital out of the project. Some accused us of being hired by a U.S. company to buy lands and convert Siloé into a tourist center. Clearly, although we would have preferred to wait, only prompt action would still the rumors and show the people that the authorities were willing and ready to help them.

The streets in Siloé were so bad during the rainy season that the people were virtually isolated. We decided that to repair the main street would be useful to the entire neighborhood and carry more impact than anything else. So we appealed to the Secretary of Public Works in Cali, who offered us a bulldozer that would be idle the following Saturday and Sunday. Next we called a meeting of the Siloé leaders to find out if they wanted it and were willing to ask people who lived along the street to help with the manual labor by breaking up the big rocks, hauling sand, and so on. Looking gloomy, they declared that this was not the first time a bulldozer had been offered—but none had ever showed up.

On Friday afternoon the bulldozer hove into view right on schedule. Ernesto Flores, one of the Siloé leaders, set off firecrackers to alert the people. Next morning the city engineer of Cali appeared to supervise the project, and, in an unprecedented Siloé community effort, the work moved forward rapidly.

There were dissenters. Those who jeered when they saw the bulldozer: "Well, here they are at last" and "Oh, you mean the politicians." One made a fairly successful effort to get the bulldozer operator drunk, but a substitute took care of that situation. When the bulldozer inadvertently destroyed some of Siloé's precious water pipes, the social workers moved in to reassure angry onlookers that it was accidental and that they would be replaced



After four weeks' work, street pictured on facing page boasts new steps and retaining walls

by the city. So another crisis passed. People from all over Siloé drifted in to watch, and some pitched in themselves.

Once the main street had been repaired, we noticed various people mending a roof on a house, painting, or cleaning up a patio. CINVA students had been demonstrating a brick-making machine developed at the Housing Center, and movies helped to get our ideas across. Stories about what was going on in Siloé appeared in Cali newspapers, convincing and—particularly from our standpoint—important evidence of outsiders' interest.

With only a month left out of the ten weeks we were to spend there, we decided that another street should be repaired as a demonstration project, one the people could do themselves. We consulted with Darió Mejía, the head of the city planning office in Cali, to select a street, and he suggested that Calle 22 Sur would be the most effective. Curiously, when we subsequently met with Siloé leaders and asked them to select a street, they chose the same one. Ernesto Flores and a social worker then called on all the people on Calle 22 Sur to find out whether they were interested in such a pilot project. Twenty-five men volunteered to work the next day (Sunday), beginning at 8:00 A.M. "Come on, you lazy good-for-nothings, get to work," they called to the sidewalk superintendents. Soon even small boys were gathering stones for walls or helping to build the steps and terraces.

At our suggestion that a committee be formed to take responsibility for guiding the project, a meeting was called to elect the members. The social worker warned the people not to make it a popularity contest but rather to elect people who would work. "This is our first honest election," María de Mataillán remarked after it was over. The committee collected funds to buy cement, the city provided stone, and the people worked feverishly on Saturdays and Sundays.

At a grand opening, Calle 22 Sur was rechristened Avenida CINVA. Mayor Carlos Garcés Córdoba came uninvited—his first visit to Siloé—along with the Secretary of Public Works, Alfredo Vega. The Mayor congratulated

the people and promised that this was only the beginning of close collaboration between Siloé and Cali.

When people on other streets asked for help in organizing committees, we divided Siloé into eight program areas. Each elected a committee and undertook to solve a basic problem. A month after our departure I returned to Siloé with one of the CINVA students, who spent two weeks talking to the people and encouraging them in their various projects. We were delighted to find most of the residents on the job; one committee turned up in a local bar, discussing why they were *not* working!

As our team finished its work, Siloé still had a long way to go. From the standpoint of sound city planning, basic solutions would require relocating the entire community. But much could be done in the meantime to make life more bearable for the residents. In addition, the experience had been invaluable for the trainees. As they gained the respect of the people, their own eyes were opened. They began to realize that the blueprints they had been drawing up at their desks were only part of their job; it was equally important to know what kind of people they were drawing them for.

One of our final projects was launching a mimeographed bulletin for information and liaison in the community—written, reproduced, assembled, and distributed by the local citizens. In a column entitled "The Neighbors Talk," Luis Tovar D. wrote a touching tribute to the CINVA team. "May Heaven reward them for the boost they have given our morale, for our limited resources do not allow us to pay them as they deserve."

There is always the risk, of course, that a project of this type will not put down roots. Six months after our visit to Siloé the director and one of our team members went back to check on the civic committees, which, by the way, took the names of the countries of origin of the trainees. Here is what they found:

The Brazil Committee had collected the equivalent of \$420 from the people; with the funds it had built an automobile bridge over a gully, retention walls, and drainage ditches.

The Inter-American Committee had planted fifteen trees along Avenida CINVA. It had constructed fourteen retention walls to protect the terraces against erosion and completed a 935-foot stairway along a steep access street (when we left in August, 330 feet had been built).

With the hundred dollars the Peru Committee had collected, it was winding up an active campaign for more pedestrian walks and more concrete water tanks.

The Venezuela Committee had installed two concrete water tanks and was trying to cope with a serious garbage-disposal problem posed by the market that is held regularly on their street.

A public telephone and a police station, suggested by CINVA, had been installed.

Moreover, the municipality was using "Siloé" philosophy and methods in other poor districts of the city, and it has now made arrangements with CINVA to have students from the 1958 course return to Cali to organize a demonstration mutual-help housing project to be built on a permanent, well-planned, flatland site. • • •

*Electing María Matallán (center)
chairman of a civic committee*



the fall of Pampelune

A short story by **MARIAN L. HADLEY**
Illustrations by **RUTH FLUNO**

LIKE ANY PERFORMER on opening night, Salvatore was nervous. He put away a few tools, tried the curtain once more, and hunched over to clamber down off the stage. He was not a big man—he could not have been seen behind a five-foot fence—but the stage was proportioned for the three-foot figures that he would manipulate on it tonight. They were Master Salvatore's marionettes, the same marionettes, some of them, at least, that his father had worked and his grandfather before him. Salvatore had never thought about anyone farther back than that, but, if pressed on the point, he would probably have ventured a guess that centuries of Salvatores had engaged in the business just as Tudi—his son, another Salvatore—would after him.

Tudi, working quietly near him now, was truly the lucky one, for he had this new theater to make the future look unmistakably bright.

Salvatore ran his hand over the smooth wooden back of a seat, moved the seat back and forth on its hinges, and marveled at the construction and luxury of it. He was not a movie-goer himself. Perhaps some time he would go to a regular theater, when he was too old to handle the marionettes and Tudi was making money enough for all of them. Maybe he would even be able to move his family up into the center of town to a room, or



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two or three rooms, with a terrace. He could not tell what this might lead to. He could hardly believe that he and his tools and his paints and his marionettes and his scripts were actually installed in this unbelievably grand place on the Foro Italico, with the Mediterranean in easy view from the doorway, the Palazzo Tagliavia on one side, the Palazzo Cirino on the other.

Shaping his hands into a three-sided frame, Salvatore stood before the little stage peering critically at the backdrop. It is certain that none of the ladies at a fine-arts tea would have gushed admiringly over the artistic hands. "Grubby" was a better word for them, but they were artistic nonetheless. They had produced the little canvas backdrops—each three-dimensional interior or exterior or countryside or battleground—in exquisite detail and charming colors. These same hands had fashioned the wooden heads of proud, cross-eyed Orlando, noble Carlemagno, the ugly Saracens, the guardian angel, and many other characters. They had cut and pounded out the armor with its intricate design and workings in copper. The ladies would not have recognized them as an artist's hands, for they were shaped all wrong and were rough and calloused from carpentry and manual labor, not to mention the thirty years' growth of calluses from the metal hooks and wires that gave life and action to the heavily armored marionettes. And they were dirty in an irreparable, paint-stained, dirt-of-the-ages way. Still squinting through his hands, Salvatore spoke to Tudi in a voice that revealed his nervous excitement.

"You think I had better add some more color to the sunset? The last scene, you know."

"No, Papa. It's fine." Tudi, calm and unmoved, did not look up from the task of threading wires with his deft, practiced hands.

"Is it possible that the cable is sagging a little already?"

"No, Papa. It's very strong."

"I wonder whether we should do some other play, maybe with some women in it, for the first one?"

"No, Papa." The answer came in the same placid voice. "The Signorina says she wants us to do *The Fall of Pampelune*. It's a good story."

"How does the new plume for Oliviere look to you? All right, you think?"

"Fine, Papa."

Salvatore leaned over the edge of the stage and studied the rows of marionettes suspended in their order of appearance on heavy cables, supported by the thick metal hooks growing out of their heads. He knew intimately every detail of the dialogue, the action, the entrances and exits, yet his nerves seemed to require reassurance.

"You are sure they hang in the right order, Tudi?"

"Yes, Papa, I'm positive."

"Where's Pepe? He knows better than anyone how to crank the pianola. What if he doesn't come? I would have to ask Mario, and you know how he is always loud at the wrong time."

"Look, Papa, it's three hours before we need to be here. How about if I go home to eat and bring Pepe with me? All right with you?"

"Go ahead. You're right. It's just that I want very much that everything should be right tonight."

The boy put away his work quietly and stepped out the back door.

Salvatore, left to himself, turned from the stage and counted the seats, ten rows of ten each on either side of the aisle—two hundred places. How could this glorious, miraculous thing have happened to him? And so rapidly, too. Only last month he had been following the pattern that he had expected to follow for the rest of his life. Sometimes he had carpentry jobs, and those were good periods when there was plenty to eat. At other times, he worked on the marionettes and their trappings during the day and relied on the sale of twenty lire tickets in the evening to carry the family through another day. He smiled as he thought about it. His "theater," as he called it, had been a tiny room up on Via Maqueda near the railroad station, in one of those sections of town that had disintegrated slowly and unnoticed from grandeur to squalor in two creeping centuries. The room had been furnished with rough wooden benches and a very old player piano, the walls hung with the cracked and faded posters his father had once hung outside to advertise the shows: *The Lords of Blaye*; *The Pilgrimage to Constantinople*; *The Rescue of Geoffrey*; *Salemone, King of Bretagna*; *Anseis in Spain*; *Ganelone, the Traitor*—the whole cycle of stories that never changed, never grew dull, never failed to please. Nightly the curtain had gone up and the French paladins, undaunted by danger, misfor-

tune, pain, or love, had fought intrepidly against the Saracens, traitors, and all manner of evil.

His audience had been a neighborhood crowd who knew the genealogy of the French knights much better than their own. They knew every story and every line of every story, but familiarity bred no contempt. For them, the escapades were a momentary release from weariness, nagging wives, hungry children, and monotonous lives. Salvatore liked to remember how they shouted warnings of ambush to the heroes on stage, laughed when the heads of the Saracens were struck off, and whistled shrilly when the battle was won.

Then one night the Signorina had come to see him, the splendid lady in the elegant green dress, wearing real diamonds in her ears. She had stayed after the show to speak with him—to tell him that she had enjoyed the play, that she had always enjoyed marionette shows, that she, too, loved the knights. She had even apologized—well, almost—for joining the traditionally male audience. Finally she had let her idea burst out like a message from a saint who, after ignoring so many candles, decides to work a miracle to make up for lost time. She had offered him a handsome contract to move his show into a shiny new hall on the finest street in all Palermo. Just like that it had happened. In one short month he had finished the cycle on Via Maqueda, agreed on the terms, torn down his crooked little sign out in front, and stepped into a new world.

At seven-fifteen the street was full of *carrozzas* and cars letting the new audience out at the door. The theater-goers conversed pleasantly as they found their places and slipped fur pieces and well-tailored coats from their shoulders. No elbowing for a good seat, no raucous laughter, no odor of cheap wine, of tobacco, of unwashed humanity. Salvatore watched from backstage and thought the entire aspect too beautiful for one soul to bear. He shuddered with nervousness, pleasure, anticipation, and pride.

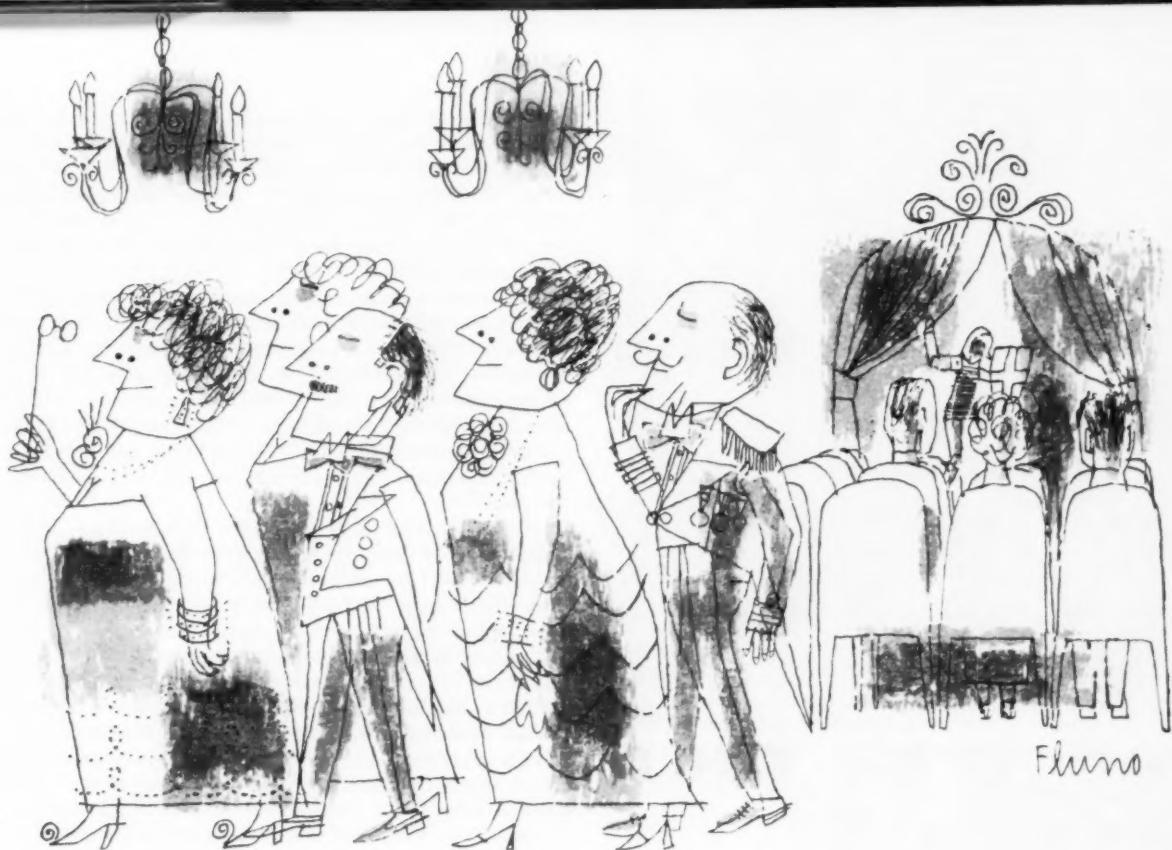
The house lights dimmed. The pianola tinkled a few moments, as it would periodically throughout the evening's entertainment. Then the curtains parted.

The scenes rolled along. Carromagno met with his barons to plot the capture of Pampelune. San Giacomo came to Carromagno in the night with his plea for the deliverance of his tomb from the hands of the Saracens. Carromagno chose his nephew, Orlando, to lead the scouting party.

With sure, familiar motions, Salvatore and Tudi advanced the heavy figures on the cable to make them look as real as their unjointed legs and arms permitted. Each character spoke with deep feeling. The pianola played softly, then paused. The scenes changed again.

Orlando and the other chevaliers made a thrilling rescue of a Christian convert about to be killed by his pagan father. Just at the climax, when Carromagno was informed that the battle must take place immediately despite impossible odds, the curtains were drawn for intermission.

The polite smattering of applause dismayed Salvatore a little, but he realized that the big battle had not yet



Fluno

taken place. That was the peak of excitement for the audience. It was too early to think about the success of his efforts, for these people were uninitiated; there were no regular customers to lean over and whisper previews of what was to come, as they had done in the old hall.

Then, from his watching post, he noticed that many of the people were leaving. He could hear but he could not comprehend what he heard as half of the new audience shook the Signorina's hand and stepped outside to hail a *carrozza* or find a car.

"Simply charming, Rosa! You were a genius to think of this."

"Excuse us, please, but we're having dinner guests tonight."

"I do hate to leave, but we're dining with the Principessa."

"It's really the only folk art we still have in Sicily. Just charming."

"I've always been so interested in folkloric materials. Thank you so much."

"So quaint."

"I must bring the children."

"Too, too sweet."

After intermission, the play went on for the remaining members of the audience. First there were skirmishes between the knights. Then the battle broke into full fury. The pianola pounded at top volume. Swords clanged. The barons shouted orders. The heads of Saracens flew off and clomped loudly as they fell. The bodies piled up

almost to the top of the stage. The din was deafening. It was a magnificent battle. The King of the Lombards arrived with reinforcements just in time to save the day. Then the curtains came together and the play was over.

The audience again clapped politely, murmured their compliments to the Signorina, and departed.

Salvatore was sick. He wanted to keep it inside, but he couldn't. He wanted to pretend that his usual elation was doubled by the miracle of the theater on the Foro Italico, but there was no holding it back.

He wrenched a sword from the hand of one of the marionettes and attacked the now-defenseless knights, still hanging midstage, with fury and savage disappointment.

His ravings were almost sobs. "They didn't like it! They didn't like it! It is a joke for them! It will be a joke for all who come here!"

Plumes flew, shields clattered to the floor, and wires snapped before Tudi was able to seize his father and bring him to his senses.

"It's all right, Papa! It's different, but you will get used to it. Don't feel bad. We have good shows! Now we will make money, too!"

Suddenly, painfully, he knew that Tudi was right. He could never again return to the little hall with its boisterous, appreciative audience. That was all over—where the show was his and the audience too. He looked down at his rough, calloused hands. They would perform for him thousands of times in the same old way here, but his heart would never again be the same. ♦ ♦ ♦

THE MARK OF THE INDIAN

in Spanish colonial art

PAUL DONY

EVERY YEAR, tourists flock to Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia. They see many colonial churches and Aztec, Maya, or Inca ruins. Some soon tire of it—"All these old stones bore me"—and demand "local color." But the stones also have local color, if we know how to look for it.

The pre-Hispanic monuments still standing in those countries bespeak peoples of high culture who were obsessed by the mysteries of creation, death, and the cosmos. If so scientific a civilization as ours is still en-

thralled by the same problems, how much must they not have meant to peoples who lived in an almost sealed world, virtually shut off from any outside influence and free of the complexities of modern life—mechanics, finances, red tape, and bureaucracy—and whose only activities, aside from the ceremonial ones, were agriculture and war?

The cosmos, centuries-long observation of which represented the high point of these peoples' knowledge, must have filled them with awe, admiration, terror, and gratitude. The movements of the stars, their infallible regularity, and the powerful rhythm they impose on earthly life instilled the idea of a pre-established order, made them receptive to the harmony of numbers, and gave their priests the power that goes with the ability to divine the future.

But if by observing the sky they developed a calendar that governed and explained the cycles of nature, they still did not have an explanation of the secrets of creation. Each people fashioned its own myth, its own Genesis, according to its own inspiration and degree of emotionalism. When the conquistadors imposed Christianity on them, the Church introduced its own version, but it did not completely erase the others. The same thing happened as with the cities the white men razed: their foundations remained and new structures were superimposed upon them. The ancient beliefs were never totally eliminated—even today certain rites and attitudes give evidence of their survival. They are manifest in the sculptured decoration of churches of the Spanish period, particularly in the regions farthest removed from the first, brutal clashes of the Conquest; in such places not a superimposition but a fusion was produced. In peaceful confrontation, the sensibilities of the Indian and of the Spaniard gave birth to the so-called "mestizo style," which attained its most significant expression in the region around Arequipa, Peru, and Lake Titicaca.

Patient and meticulous, the Indian of Mexico or the Andean region has always shown an exceptional aptitude for decorative sculpture. (The Guarani of the Jesuit missions revealed equal talent, under the tutelage of the priests, in the eighteenth century.) The builders of colonial days, who first recruited Indians as laborers, must soon have been convinced of their ability and let them handle the chisel to carve a bracket, a column, or a relief. Once the Spanish masters thought they had them converted and under their thumbs, the Indians began imperturbably to infiltrate the invaders' style with their own accent, their own dialect. Far from the administrative centers, out where the provincial or the inspector was seldom seen, where the natives predominated and the architect and the priest also felt the fascination of the environment, the indigenous artist gained strength and courage. He began to work independently and did not hesitate to give the stone his own symbols, his own vision

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of the universe. Of course, he did not reject the Christian themes. But he contrived to move them imperceptibly to the higher parts of the decorations: certain façades display nothing within reach of eye or hand but pagan and naturalistic motifs; and some statues of saints, when placed in their vaulted niches, found themselves surrounded by strange creatures.

In the façade of the Jesuit Church of La Compañía in Arequipa (1698), the sculptured decoration overflows the two sets of columns onto handsome side bands. In the foreground at the foot of the lower band, a coiled monster appears that may represent one of the pre-Columbian creation myths. It has the body of a reptile, covered with fish scales and bristling feathers, and a feline head with a thick mane. Thus it symbolized the four grand orders into which the world of vertebrates was primitively divided. From the jaws of the fabulous animal springs a stalk laden with juicy leaves, small fruits, and massive flowers—the vegetable kingdom with all its vitality.

The motif is repeated in the church of the neighboring village of Paucarpata (c. 1680?) and on the shore of Lake Titicaca in the Cathedral of Puno (1757). In the latter, likewise carved on the base of the side panels, there is a striking feline from whose mouth emerges a complex, weaving pattern of floral motifs.

Thus there would seem to be rooted in ancient Peru a creation myth in which the order of succession of the Biblical Genesis is partly inverted, putting the animal kingdom ahead of the vegetable.

In that case, the concept of creation held by the Andean peoples would be opposed to that of the Maya, as represented in the lower part of an astonishing bas-relief that adorns the small "sanctuary" attached to the Temple of the Jaguars in Chichén-Itzá, Yucatan. In the center is the mask of the creator-god, with diadem and earrings. He takes pity on the world, and tears stream from his eyes. These, blending with the humors that issue from his nose, irrigate the earth and form pools of water on either side, from which plants shoot up. Above them, snails are born, while two pairs of fish emerge from the water, and the cycle is closed with a tortoise on the right and an aquatic bird on the left. From the god's forehead rises an enormous serpent that breaks through the ground, represented by a horizontal bar, and twines around the body of the man who stands on it, occupying the highest point in the scheme of creation (only his feet are shown in the accompanying photograph). Note that the Maya myth involves seven stages (water, plant, mollusk, fish, turtle and aquatic bird, serpent, and man), the same number as the Biblical version.

The image of the creator-god shedding tears is also seen at Tiahuanaco, Bolivia, presumably as a symbol of the life-giving rain that is just as necessary on the Andean plateau as on the Yucatan plain. It is even clearer in the designs on a blanket from the Peruvian coast that is in the Brooklyn Museum.

A motif that spread throughout colonial architecture is a mask with vigorous foliage or capricious scrolls growing from its mouth. Does it not derive from the



Indian craftsmen worked native American motifs into rich baroque decoration of Church of La Compañía, Arequipa, Peru

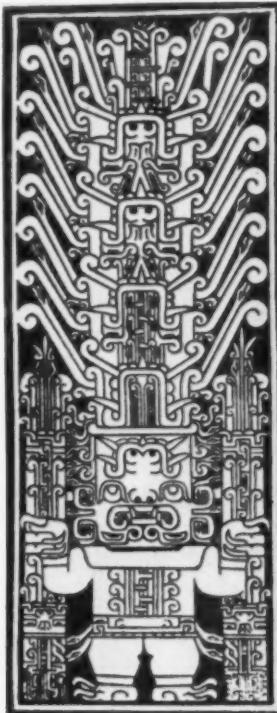


Plant sprouting from feline's mouth on Cathedral of Puno, Peru, may represent ancient version of creation story



Bas-relief at Chichén-Itzá, Yucatan, portrays contrasting Maya creation myth (see text for explanation of symbols)

Modified mask design from pre-Columbian monolith at Chavín de Huántar, Peru



Corner mask at the Nunnery, Chichén-Itzá, represents Yumchac, Maya rain god



Right: A Peruvian rain god is pictured on ancient jug from Nazca region, now in Munich Museum of Ethnology



Note striking similarity of entirely unrelated decorations from Church of Santiago (c. 1720) in Pomata, Peru (left), and from Cathedral of Tournai, Belgium (c. 1160, below)



widespread pre-Columbian prototype I have just described? We can imagine how it must have evolved from the mythical to the ornamental. Both in the sculpture of ancient Mexico and in the art of ancient Peru, the feline and the reptile, both drawn from the hypnotic tropical jungle, appear as objects of special reverence. Portentous and ferocious, the first was shown with sharp protruding fangs, the second with a tremendous forked tongue. Deformations such as we see in the *xiuhcoatl* of Tenayuca, Mexico, or the famous monolith of Chavín de Huántar, Peru, now in the Lima Museum, could have led gradually to representations of masks in which fangs, tongue, and mustaches were mixed with the mucus and tears of creation, and odd appendages began to appear at all the orifices. Thus they would arrive at ever more fantastic and tortured masks that are true, if monstrous, stylizations. The rain god (Tlaloc for the Aztecs, Yumchac for the Maya) was personified with an enormous coil on either side of his gigantic mouth (the Nunnery in Chichén-Itzá) or with two small undulating tongues stretching sideways between the jaws (Museum of Mérida, Yucatan). On a jar from the Nazca region of Peru belonging to the Museum of Ethnology in Munich we see another rain god; two vessels, which look like wineskins covered with tadpoles, hang symmetrically from his mouth.

It is easy to imagine that there must have been innumerable examples of pre-Columbian pottery, sculpture, fabrics, and utensils in the possession of the native population, or even still in use, two or three hundred years ago. These would have been tempting models to the Indian artisan. The flowery, bombastic style of the religious monuments of the baroque period allowed him unlimited decorative fantasy, and he began to carve on portals, brackets, arches, and dadoes—so ideally suited for it—those masks inherited from a distant past but whose power of suggestion remained, for him, intact. As he worked them into the ornamentation, he molded them to it, gradually softening their ferocious look and letting them be influenced by the opulence and surrounding grace of the style. Thus were born, in the transition from the monstrous to the grotesque to the purely ornamental, a whole series of masks: In the Church of Santiago (c. 1720) in Pomata, Peru, rigid stalks stick out of the mouth. In the Cathedral of Oaxaca, Mexico (1728), the mask is the center and point of departure of a labyrinthine composition of serpentine foliage. In the Church of San Francisco (c. 1762) in La Paz, Bolivia, the leaf design has become independent of the features. And in the façade of the Church of La Merced in Atlixco, Puebla State, Mexico, the face is swollen, caricatured, and, in fact, even Italianate.

Sometimes, in place of the primitivism of the frontal view, the masks offer a profile, clearly decorative in intention—for example, in the upper part of the borders of the Church of Santo Domingo in Arequipa (1680); in the near-by church of Yanahuara (1750), where the botanical decoration bursts out vigorously and is developed in vertical arabesques; and also in the frieze of the portal on the Epistle side of the Cathedral of Puno

(1757). One might think of relating such profiles to the speech rolls of the ancient Mexicans, but the fact is that they are found mainly in Peruvian churches.

Also peculiar to the Andean countries are certain highly decorative carvings that display ceremonial plumes and headdresses with typically pre-Hispanic characteristics. The well-known feminine figures that brighten the side sections of the façade of the church of Zepita, Peru, on the shore of Lake Titicaca, and the sirens of the choir stall of the Church of San Miguel de Pomata are of outstanding beauty. All of them have very high, hieratical headdresses of superimposed feathers in the style of the monolith of Chavín de Huántar. More curious is the hat with a triangular crown and curved horns worn by a sullen-faced mask tucked away in a lower corner of the design on the Zepita church. The hat is almost identical to the one that appears in profusion in the pre-Columbian pottery of the Peruvian coast—on, for example, a jar from the Mochica area (Nathan Cummings Collection, Chicago) and another from Nazca (Munich Museum), on which warriors and demons cavort.

Both the Mochica jars and the Nazca and Chibcha (Colombian) gold work offer innumerable designs with plumes in a fan (examples in the Cummings and other collections). Andean architecture frequently reproduces such ornaments. The most striking example is the one that crowns the central escutcheon of the Zepita façade. A charming and surprising effect is produced by the heads of two Evangelists backed by plumes (instead of the fluted seashells common in European art) in vaulted niches of the Cathedral of Puno and, even more so, by the aigrette with the same texture worn by Santiago Matamoros' horse on the side portal (1754) of the Church of La Compañía in Arequipa. Moreover, figures of Indians with triple plumes are seen all over (lunettes of the Church of La Compañía in Quito, façade of the Church of Belén in Antigua, Guatemala) and even saints and archangels wear them (bell tower of Hueyotlipán, Tlaxcala, Mexico, and portal in Texcoco, Mexico). Perhaps the presence of the horned hat and the feather fan, so typical of the Peruvian coast, in the pedestals and jambs of the open chapel of Tlalmanalco, Mexico (c. 1560), means that the master who decorated them also worked in the Andean regions. His style is a restless treatment of Renaissance modes, possibly related to the plateresque of Salamanca.

The figure with the hat at Zepita shows another peculiarity. It has a ruff or gorget, like a toothed corolla, that inevitably recalls the plumed serpents with fascinating large heads that climb beside the stairways of the Temple of Quetzalcoatl in Teotihuacán (near Mexico City). The French archaeologist Jacques Soustelle, in describing another similar decoration, the monolith of Tuxpán in Veracruz State, interprets it as an attribute of divinity, particularly of the god of the dead or of darkness. It would not be surprising if such an unusual motif had been transmitted through drawings from New Spain to Lake Titicaca, for in the colonial era artists, monks, officials, and chroniclers frequently traveled between the two viceroyalties. The strange and fantastic always at-

Mask is center of foliage design on Cathedral of Oaxaca, Mexico



Leaf design is independent of mask in carved façade of Church of San Francisco, La Paz, Bolivia



Mask becomes swollen, "Italianate" in Church of La Merced, Atlixco, Mexico



Note profile masks in detail from portal of Santo Domingo Church, Arequipa, Peru



Ruff and hat on mask on church at Zepita, Peru, recall pre-Columbian models



Compare hat on jar (left) depicting demons and warriors, from early Nazca culture



Below: Fan of plumes, an ancient Andean motif, crowns escutcheon of Zepita church



Left: Many native details are seen in this example of "mestizo style" from Cathedral of Puno, Peru



Detail of side portal of Church of La Compañía in Arequipa. Note aigrette on Santiago Matamoros' horse



tracted the native artisans. Innumerable exotic fruits and animals demonstrate this in Peruvian art; the Mexican turkey is common in Andean gold work, and there is a crude representation of a beast of burden in a Maya relief (Temple of the Retables, Chichén-Itzá) that graphically narrates the return of some traveler from distant lands—undoubtedly from Peru, since before the coming of the Europeans there was no beast of burden in America except the Andean llama.

Although it may be mere coincidence, a certain similarity has also been observed between geometrical reliefs at Mitla in Mexico and those of Chan-Chan in Peru. Therefore we should not scorn the possible exchange of decorative motifs among great American empires even in remote ages. In connection with the ruff of Zepita again, it is interesting to note that both in Mexico (Church of La Profesa in the capital) and in the Andes (Church of Santa Cruz in Juli) there are cherubs surrounded by a notched decoration in the form of a ruff, something unknown in European baroque. As to the sad mask of Zepita itself, does not the fact that it is dominated by the plume-crowned statue of the beautiful Indian girl symbolize something like the triumph of life over death, of virtue over vice, or of light over darkness?

A long list could be made of other pre-Hispanic motifs found in the religious art of the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries. Giving just one example of each, I should mention the plumed serpent (base of baptismal font, Yanhuitlán, Oaxaca, Mexico); the *llautu*, a crown with a fringe, an attribute of the Inca (cupola of the Church of Santiago in Pomata); and the *kantuta*, a bright scarlet or yellow bellflower that was the sacred flower of the Inca Empire and is still used in funeral rites on the plateau (Church of Santa Cruz in Juli). Rows of discs appear in innumerable pre-Cortesian sculptures and objects. These may well have some ritual significance, although in some cases their only purpose seems to be to cover free spaces in the design; they seem also to have served as a unit in numerical notation. In Hispano-Mexican architecture they are transformed into medallions, generally monogrammed, and they adorn many sixteenth-century portals, as at Tepoztlán, Morelos. The step motif (tympanum of the church at Vilque, west of Puno) is typically American, and a favorite device used by producers of pseudo-Inca decorations.

Of course there are also the sun—"crowning image adored by the Indian of America," as the Argentine critic Angel Guido called it—and the crescent moon. Sometimes the supreme star, the Inti of the Incas, stands alone, as in the tympanum of the Church of Santa Cruz at Juli, where the monogram IHS (Jesus Hominum Salvator) that it bears does not suppress its dazzling and pagan brilliance. But usually the moon serves as a pendant to it, as in Tepoztlán. Whatever the secret intentions of the local artisan may have been, many European examples (such as Bourges, Assisi, and Nuremberg) show the common use of the double motif in Christian iconography, especially in Crucifixion scenes, in which the sun normally appears on the right and the moon on the left of Christ. But the crescent moon with a human

profile emitting—"spitting out"—a star is an authentically American detail (portal of the Church of San Lorenzo in Potosí, Bolivia).

If star worship and the myths of the creation left their traces in the sculptured decoration of the colonial period, death sowed skulls and crossbones in it. It is an inexhaustible theme in Mexico, where in daily life it is treated with familiarity. From the open chapel of Tlalmanalco, in the middle of the sixteenth century, down to the sacristy of San Agustín in Salamanca, Guanajato, at the end of the eighteenth, the "mementos of the dead" in Mexican religious art reveal a sort of atavistic obsession whose roots are seen on one's first contact with the pre-Cortesian monuments. The Inevitable ambushes the visitor at every step: in the "cemetery" of Uxmal, Yucatan, in the *tzompantli* or wall of skulls at Chichén-Itzá, in the "altar" of Tenayuca, Mexico State, and even in the suffocating depths of the "sacred mount" of Cholula, Puebla. The archaeologists—when they penetrated the rock they penetrated centuries—have discovered there the murals that decorated the sides of the primitive pyramid, buried in the very heart of the hill, under five successive structures, each of which completely covered its predecessors. Along what were outdoor terraces, and are now narrow galleries excavated between the first and second levels, we see, painted in still-lively tones, rows of stylized outsize skulls, whose tremendous eye-sockets, thousands of years ago, gazed out at the infinite as the stony pupils of Quetzalcoatl still do in Teotihuacán.

One might look for convenient parallelisms between the Mexican obsession with death and that which took possession of the European Middle Ages in the fifteenth century, when a funereal art that would be censured as exhibitionism today displayed the horrible secrets of the sepulchre. If you want to take this road, there is something even more notable in the analogy one senses, without being able to explain it, between certain "mestizo" American sculptures, with their characteristic flat handling (the motifs are drawn on the surface of the stone, which is cut away around them, producing an effect of embroidery or tapestry), and some reliefs of the Pirenaic school of the eighth and ninth centuries. But the really disconcerting parallel is between the masks with carved ornaments at Pomata and a Romanesque capital in the Cathedral of Tournai, Belgium—chosen from among several that are similar. Dating from 1140, that capital is contemporary with the "League of Mayapán," the golden age of the Maya culture, to which the bas-relief of the creation at Chichén-Itzá must belong. Six centuries separate it from the Pomata work. Obviously, the similarity is fortuitous and without archaeological or aesthetic meaning. But it suggests confused and mysterious concordances between the styles of peoples without any historical or geographical contact. Just so with the Romanesque and the "mestizo" styles, which, bringing together dissimilar elements—Mediterranean, barbaric, and Oriental on one side, Indian and Spanish on the other—appealed in an identical way to the obscure, primitive common basis of human creative imagination and sensibility. • • •

Typical Inca step motif is seen in tympanum of church at Vilque, near Puno, Peru



Left: Plumed figure of Indian girl adds cheerful touch to decoration of Zepita church



Right: Plumed serpent at Teotihuacán, Mexico, is emblem of Quetzalcoatl



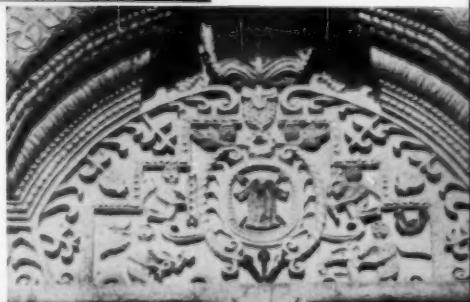
Left: Kantuta flower and Inca sun symbol appear on panel of Church of Santa Cruz, Juli, Peru

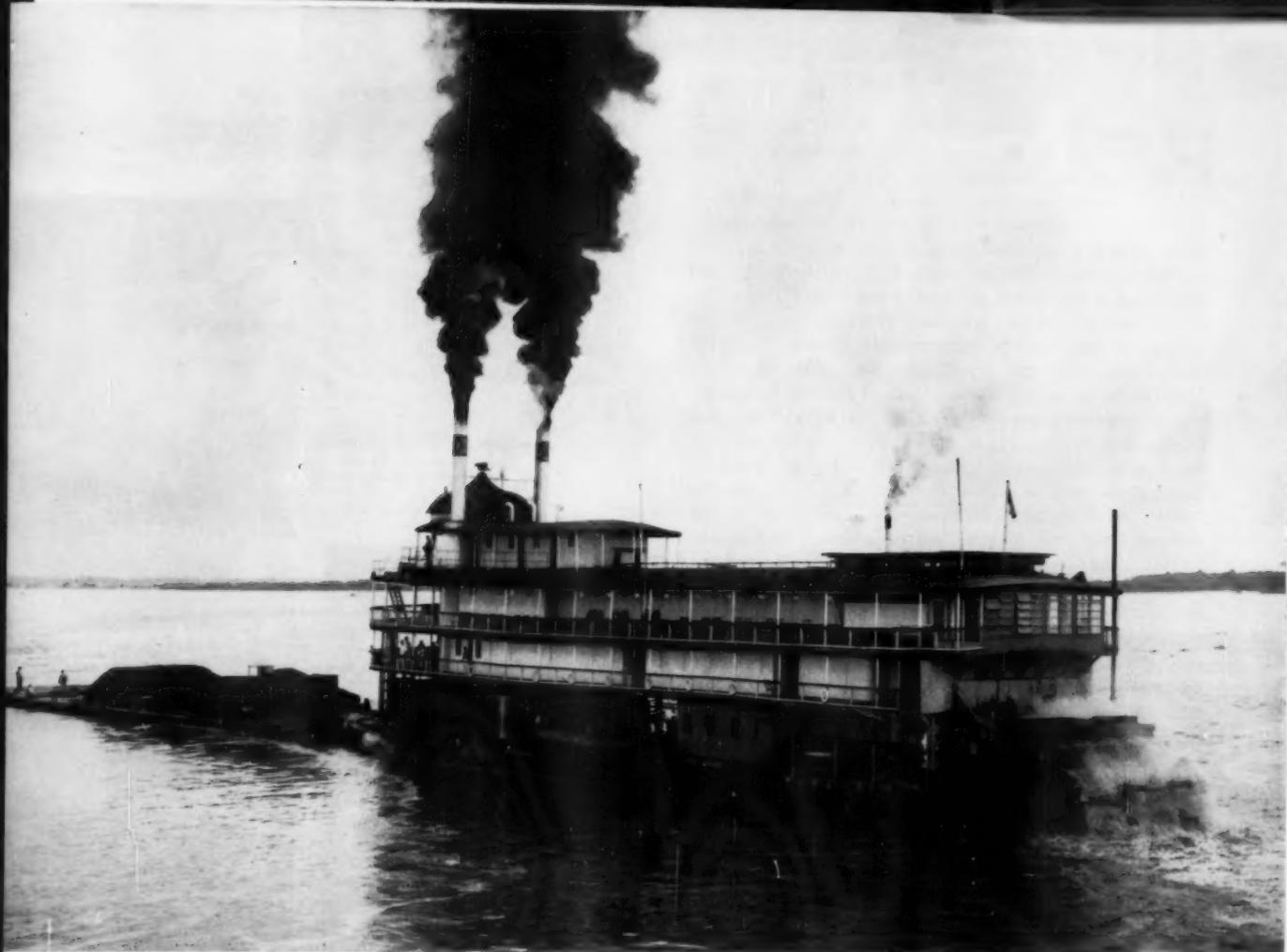


Right: Crescent moon "spits out" a star on portal of Church of San Lorenzo, Potosí, Bolivia



Left: Ancient Mexican obsession with death confronts visitor to "cemetery" at Uxmal, Yucatan





Old stern-wheeler feels its way upstream on Magdalena River, Colombia

OUTING ON THE MAGDALENA

BEATRICE DE HOLGUÍN

A PLUME OF SMOKE rose from the stacks of the remodeled stern-wheeler *Medellín*, tied up at the dock in Barranquilla. Crewmen gave the wheels a trial spin, churning the water into foam, and we hurried to get aboard before the boat escaped us.

It was a bright Sunday morning in early summer. We were all foreign residents of Barranquilla and had collected our children for a day's cruise up the Magdalena River. The only other passengers were several Colombian couples from the interior, a priest, and an apparently unattached young man, although the boat could have accommodated several times the number on board.

BEATRICE DE HOLGUÍN, a New Yorker who has lived in Colombia since her marriage to a Colombian ten years ago, writes on travel subjects for a number of U.S. publications.

Chief Mate is nicknamed El Serio because he rarely smiles



"Wonder what happens if a sand bar gets in our way?" mused one of our group.

"We stay there until the river rises, maybe two or three weeks." The lone young man tipped his cap and introduced himself as a student of English. "I take the boat every week to see the baseball game upriver."

We leaned against the rail to enjoy the passing scenery. Magdalena landscapes vary from magnificent forests of giant trees adorned with lianas and lichens to expanses of gently rolling land. We spotted an anteater in the underbrush on the river bank and a flight of squawking parrots overhead, aquatic birds and brightly colored fish, and an occasional alligator. Along the shore and on the islands that dot the river there were many fishing villages and every so often an isolated farmhouse set among palms.

At some points the Magdalena stretched for more than half a mile on either side of the steamer; where it narrowed, the fishermen often had to pull in their nets hastily to avoid a tangle with "civilization." Here and there solitary travelers in dugout canoes were much too busy studying the currents to acknowledge our hails. The village houses usually clustered around a tiny spired church, and most were built of wood, with unscreened windows and thatch roofs. Some of the farmhouse walls were a neat and comfortable-looking half-and-half combination of wood and screening, also topped by thatch. In quiet spots the Magdalena mirrored this rural tranquillity, relatively unchanged since the days when Jiménez de Quesada and Bolívar traveled the same route.

Not far up the river we passed another paddle-wheeler, and the air resounded with toots and shouts. We chugged by Salamina without stopping. Some time later, when a smiling, dark-skinned banana salesman in a canoe pulled alongside and offered his produce at prices lower than those in Barranquilla, the captain of the *Medellín*, Julio Gómez, jokingly remarked, "We can usually outdistance the local boats."

At about three in the afternoon we reached Calamar, which is a comparatively small agricultural center and also a convenient boarding point for travelers from Cartagena who want to continue upriver. A dock worker

Moving upriver, stern-wheeler races native dugout, which was left trailing far behind



Uncrowded Medellín had plenty of fascinating crannies to explore



Fishermen on Colombia's main waterway prefer poles to oars





Magdalena rises in southern Huila Department, winds through Cararé jungle, empties into Caribbean at Barranquilla



waved a friendly welcome and small naked boys dived for coins we tossed into the water. After we had docked, an older lad from the town amused himself and us by stunt-diving from the boat deck. On shore, two or three men with crude, three-wheeled drays—one with a carefully lettered sign that read *El Veterano—Servicio de Carga y Equipaje* (The Veteran—Cargo and Baggage Service)—were disappointed to find that the only cargo consisted of a cage with two forlorn birds in it, a crate of nails, and one shabby leather suitcase.

Since we wanted to be home by nightfall, we left the *Medellin* at Calamar and piled into a speedboat, to be whisked downriver. Steam navigation is possible as far as Girardot, but the usual trip on the Magdalena is to Puerto Salgar, some 550 miles from Barranquilla and a good place to catch the train to Bogotá. When the water is high and the steamer fast, this journey takes at least three or four days, but it is best not to try to fit it into a tight schedule. The tricky Magdalena is apt to run low and—as the baseball fan told us—leave the boats stranded on a sand bar or tied up at a dock for an indefinite time.

Before passengers and cargo took to the air, this river was the life line of the interior; Colombians still maintain that foreign visitors can never fully understand their country without traveling the Magdalena. ♦ ♦ ♦

The Medellin, much like the traditional Mississippi River steamers, penetrates the heart of the country



FROM THE NEWSSTANDS

DON QUIXOTE ON FILM

IN HIS regular column in the Havana daily *Alerta*, Ciro Alegria comes to the defense of the most famous and most beloved character in Spanish literature:

"The calamitous adventures of the magnificent Don Quixote are not exactly the ones that Cervantes created for him. . . . In the saddest of the noble knight's misfortunes in the novel there is an undertone of dauntless idealism and, consequently, of greatness. The calamitous adventures are those Don Quixote has had as a movie character.

"The first film attempt was made with Chaliapin, which the reader may recall if he is of an age to have seen the Russian basso in the role. I suffered through the experience as a boy. . . . Don Quixote à la Chaliapin was a singer, nothing more or less, and to believe it you would have to hear the doleful ditties for yourself. . . . As a singer he did not come off too badly, but as a character he was almost unrecognizable. Also, the cameraman must have had to work awfully hard to make the fat Chaliapin even vaguely resemble the lean and bony Quixote. . . . Even so, the movie was not a complete flop; there were moments of serious poetry. However, the Quixote à la Chaliapin was a capricious adaptation that was a crime against the spirit of the book and the character.

"Don Quixote's second adventure on film came out perhaps eight or ten years ago; it was a Spanish movie. . . . The producers followed the book as closely as possible, but the interpretation never rose above mediocrity. The whole film seemed nothing more than an acceptable illustration for the novel. That tremendously human and some-

what demented knight . . . did not once appear truly pathetic. Even without having read the book, you could safely have said it was better.

"I know of Don Quixote's third film adventure only by what I read in the papers. The Russians presented it at the last Cannes Film Festival, and the critics agreed that the documentation was good, the interpretation bad.

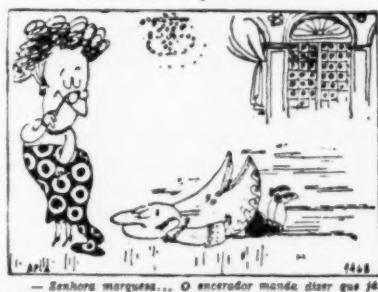
"Now we have Mike Todd, the producer who achieved world-wide success with *Around the World in Eighty Days* and is preparing for the fourth movie version of the errant knight's adventures. [Since this article was written Todd has died in an airplane crash, but his son presumably will carry on the project.] . . . Though Todd has proved that he is boldly enterprising, no one could have suspected that he would have the courage to take on Don Quixote. However, he has said he would and has even been to Spain to find a suitable location, so it must be true. The role of Don Quixote will go to the French actor Fernandel. . . . If this does not turn out to be another calamitous adventure, it will be only by a tremendous stroke of luck. . . .

"The first objection made by students of Cervantes is to the obviously necessary cuts and changes. Since the book is so long, it would be virtually impossible to put everything into the movie. . . . However, this does not seem to me to be the main risk. As phenomena of art, the novel is one thing, the theater another, and the movies still another. No novel or play can be made into a movie without some variations; otherwise, it would not be a good movie. . . . The most we can ask is that the film adaptation not destroy the spirit of the original work. . . .

"It is in just this—the spirit of Cervantes' novel—where the possibility of another calamitous adventure arises, at least as the plans now stand. . . . Alonso Quijano el Bueno, who later became Don Quixote de la Mancha, is profoundly serious, visionary, idealistic, and dramatic in his own unbalanced way. Undeniably there is comedy in the adventures that he dreams and lives . . . , but it is born of the situations. . . . If Don Quixote should lose for a moment his serious naïveté, he would be ruined as a character. Logically, Cervantes deprived him of this naïveté before his death . . . , yet even during that final disillusionment Don Quixote is still serious. . . . We also find in Don Quixote a vein of melancholy that gives him the blood of life. . . .

"Fernandel, however great an actor he may be, . . . is comic from head to toe. To be sure, his facial expressions are serious, but it is a seriousness fraught with comedy. . . . Fernandel certainly is not the best choice to portray the daft knight whose dramatic seriousness makes us smile and even laugh, when we are not weeping. . . . The chances are much too great that Don Quixote would be Fernandized."

O LADO COMICO DA ETIQUETA



— Senhora marquesa... O encerador manda dizer que já terminou!

"Madam, the waver says he has finished."—*Folha da Manhã, São Paulo*

PSYCHIATRY AND PAINT

DR. HONORIO DELGADO of Peru, who has had a long and distinguished career as a psychiatrist, educator, and author, writes that "art work done by the mentally ill interests not only psychiatrists but artists and the general public as well." The following excerpts are from an article by him in

Fanal, a monthly magazine published by the International Petroleum Company in Lima:

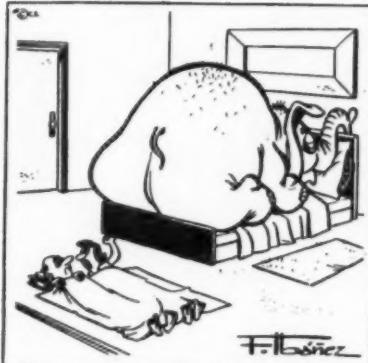
"... Research in this field, which was begun fifty years ago, still has not yielded any satisfactory conclusions, principally because the two sides of the question—the aesthetic and the medical—are so complex and vary so much from person to person. This also explains the discordant opinions on the subject: some think that art work by schizophrenics differs radically from that by normal people, while others consider it no different from that by people suffering from dyspepsia or housemaid's knee. . . .

"In this article I shall deal only with the painting done by schizophrenics, whose mental state deviates farthest from the normal yet without their realizing it. I have chosen painting because, along with drawing, it is the art form most frequently cultivated by these people. Not one case of a schizophrenic who took up composing has ever been observed. . . .

"First, these patients must be divided into two groups: those who paint of their own free will and those who are persuaded. The schizophrenics who paint *motu proprio* are rare, and they do it mostly because it was their vocation before they became ill or, in far fewer numbers, because they are moved by the need for expression inherent in the illness. . . . The rest do it only on doctor's orders. . . .

"... Some paint most during the critical period or in times of crisis when the psychosis is beginning to take hold. . . . Others paint during the chronic stage, sometimes applying themselves tenaciously and repeating themes and motifs endlessly. . . . Among professional or amateur painters, schizophrenia most often curtails their output and in many cases eliminates it altogether. Rarely does it act as a stimulant, and then only for fleeting periods. . . .

"Among my own patients, I have observed cases that have taken quite a different turn. For example, the most talented among them had painted a few promising pictures as a boy, before he went to Europe at the age of twenty to study. There, for some still-unknown reason, he contented himself with visiting museums and made no



—*Ese amor tuyo por los animales ya es exagerado.*

"This is carrying your love of animals too far."—Elite, Caracas

effort to find a teacher. On his return to Peru he became ill and was hospitalized. Knowing his vocation and talent, I did my utmost to make him draw and paint. Only after more than a year of constant persuasion did he start to work with pastels. After a while, he again rejected art and again had to be coaxed back to it. This second time he showed interest in oils, and finally, after more than ten years in the hospital, he began to paint with enthusiasm and continuity. He produced a considerable number of oils, both copies and originals, . . . which have been praised by outstanding artists. The most significant facet of this case, however, is that the patient's mental health improved in direct relation to the improvement of his art work, which was, incidentally, far superior to anything he had done before he became ill. Twenty years after he entered, he left the hospital a cured man. . . .

"The art work of patients who have not painted before their illness generally does not show much more aesthetic promise than that done by average children. Only in rare cases does it approach expressive perfection, depending, in my opinion, more on the innate tendencies of the individual than on the peculiarities of the mental disorder. But this does not mean that the illness has no effect on the quality of the work. Another of my patients, whose only previous experience with art had been a fondness for drawing when he was a child, began to paint after he had suffered from schizo-

phrenia for several years and finally won acclaim from a professional artist. Yet when he was frustrated in his desire to leave the hospital and travel abroad, the quality of his art work declined noticeably at the same time his mental condition worsened.

"Generally, schizophrenics are overly painstaking with their art work, except for brief moments of inspiration, enthusiasm, or lucidity. For this reason they usually choose subjects that can be painted quickly. Those who undertake more ambitious projects work very systematically and develop the theme by bits and pieces. Few among those who are not artists ever finish a work properly; they either overload it with details or leave it unfinished. One of my first patient-painters was remarkably gifted but did no original work, only copies, and never completed a single canvas. Schizophrenics also paint the same picture—and, more frequently, parts or details of it—over and over.

"The schizophrenic, more often than the normal person of equivalent training and culture, paints or draws rigid figures that lack proportion, depth, light, movement, and, above all, life and expression. . . . Furthermore, if the schizophrenic runs out of space, he simply leaves the figure incomplete; or he may paint only a part of the canvas and leave the rest blank, as if it did not exist; or he may paint it front and back, easel and all. . . .

"Sometimes schizophrenics will paint from memory—landscapes, scenes, and people that are surprisingly lifelike. . . . At the other extreme, they also show a frequent propensity for expressing abstract ideas in allegories and whimsical symbolism; and if the painter chooses not to reveal the meaning, no one can fathom it. Even more disconcerting is the inclination of many chronic schizophrenics to ignore composition entirely and paint unrelated images or apparently meaningless dashes and splotches of color. . . .

"Just as there are schizophrenics who are not recognizable by the untrained eye, so is their painting indistinguishable from the work of normal people. . . . As a matter of fact, from their paintings, some contemporary artists might well be mistakenly judged schizophrenics. There is no

constant relation between the mental state of the artist and his painting....

"With the mentally ill person, as with the one who retains his sanity, there is a tendency toward subjective expression in art work . . . , and this involuntary revelation of individuality permits insight into the mental processes. . . . The schizophrenic, however, paints for himself, not for others. . . . One of my patients, when he first started painting, rubbed out the picture if he thought or even suspected that people he considered 'profane'—nurses, other patients, and servants—had seen it. . . .

"Dedication to drawing, painting, or any other artistic endeavor often leads to the development of initiative and activity, which in turn usually leads to mental health. Even some apparently hopeless schizophrenics have in this way regained contact with reality and returned to a normal life. . . ."

THROUGH ARGENTINE EYES

BY ANALYZING several recent U.S. novels—in *Tiempo Nuestro*, a monthly literary paper published in Buenos Aires—P. M. Pasinetti reaches a disquieting conclusion:

" . . . Each year produces a number of [English-language] novels that are correctly written and conceived, with dialogues that faithfully reflect all the conventions of the time and of whatever class of society is portrayed. . . . In other words, these works are documentary rather than imaginative . . . ; the world the authors present is inventoried, not invented.

"Of these novels, the favorites of publishers and literary and movie agents are those that stay on the best-seller lists for a long time, that bring over two hundred thousand dollars for the movie rights, and that also enjoy a certain degree of strictly literary prestige. The two most interesting recent books to hold this privileged position are *Ten North Frederick*, by John O'Hara, and *Lucy Crown*, by Irwin Shaw. Both the heroes and the average readers of these novels are members of suburban society. The man commutes daily to a downtown office; the family owns two cars and belongs to a country club. Finances and social acceptance are not among their worries [as they would have been twenty

years ago]. Their problems are largely psychological and domestic. Consequently, these books are permeated with the most detailed aspects of psychology and sociology, true to the minds and conversations of suburbanites.

"There has been no shortage, in recent years, of perhaps more popular novels than these, like *Marjorie Morningstar* [by Herman Wouk] and *The Last Hurrah* [by Edwin O'Connor]; but no one can consider Wouk and O'Connor, as writers, on the same plane as an O'Hara or an Irwin Shaw. . . .

"On the other hand, novels of higher literary quality, like *A Charmed Life*, by Mary McCarthy, and *The Malefactors*, by Caroline Gordon, can also achieve popular success—the former made the best-seller list—yet they appeal to a much smaller audience. . . . It is significant that both of these novels, besides having been written by women, are set in the world of writers and artists. . . . Mary McCarthy, with her polished, satirical style, has a natural place in the artistic-literary society of New York City and its environs: she was the wife of Edmund Wilson, the critic, and her brother is the actor Kevin McCarthy. Caroline Gordon's husband is the poet and critic Allen Tate, and the religious problem in her novel is probably related to Tate's conversion to Catholicism.

"Between these extremes—popularity and exclusiveness—are the works of authors like O'Hara and Shaw, who write for a living, to be sure, but without overdoing it. . . . O'Hara's novel is populated by Yale graduates, who are presented against a background of spacious houses and country clubs; the entire community—from political bosses to laborers, professional men to the waiter—is thoroughly documented. O'Hara's documentation is famous. For example, no other writer describes so precisely the sex life of his main characters, from adolescence through adulthood. For love of this objective exactness, he often resorts to the specialized language of sociology. Anyone who knows anything about life in average middle-class U.S. communities, and wants to learn more, will find O'Hara's books revealing and, in their way, fascinating.

"In *Lucy Crown* [as in *Ten North Frederick*] the author uses the flashback. At the beginning of the novel, the heroine is in Paris, where she chances to meet her son after a separation of many years. Obviously, the story is developed with an eye to adapting it to the movies (Irwin Shaw is also a well-known script writer). . . .

"One of the themes these two novels have in common is adultery. Another, or perhaps the same one, is the profound dissatisfaction and insecurity of the well-to-do businessman, on the one hand, and of his wife, on the other, with the natural result that their offspring are 'problem children.' Both novels were written with consummate technical skill . . . , and in both there is a decided undercurrent of bitterness. . . . However, to pinpoint the impression given of the relationship of the authors to the society they describe, and to which they belong, two words come spontaneously: acceptance and reconciliation.

"The numerous neither-very-good-nor-very-bad U.S. novels, representative of society and at once endowed with certain literary merits, have not always been like this. . . . In comparison with these modern writers, Sinclair Lewis was a rebel, a denouncer of conformity, a destroyer of idols. . . . Lewis was a critic of customs, a critic who exposed the often glaring discrepancy between desire and reality, between the aspirations of his characters and the restrictions of orthodox society. . . .

"In contrast, in O'Hara's evocation of a small Pennsylvania town there is a feeling of complete adaptation, if not a trace of snobbishness. The narrator's manner and tone are not those of an outsider, an iconoclast, or a rebellious son, but of someone who belongs in that world, in those clubs, in those homes. . . . This is a relatively new phase of the U.S. intellectual's attitude toward upper-middle-class respectability and toward conformity. The probable recipients of this message from middle-aged writers are the young people, who are apparently quite willing to accept it without question. Aside from the few who become 'rebels without a cause,' most seem to be born conservatives, seeking safe, dull solutions to their problems."



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BOOKS

RECENT ARGENTINE LITERATURE

Reviewed by Bernardo Verbitsky

67,000 MILLAS A BORDO DEL "GAUCHO," by Ernesto Uriburu. Buenos Aires, published by the author, 1957. 230 p. Illus.

We have few travel books in our literature, and it is a pity. This one is a sort of log of the three cruises of an extraordinary small boat whose voyages are almost unbelievable: six crossings of the Atlantic, including a retracing of Columbus' voyage of discovery. Ernesto Uriburu, owner of the *Gaucho*, is—as he himself points out—one of the few men who have been able to realize their childhood ambitions. In a way, his book reflects dreams that came true without disillusion. But certainly the adventures it deals with are not, could not be, casual affairs succeeding by mere chance; quite the contrary, they are the adventures of experienced seamen, who worked hard and took a professional pride in what they were doing.

With all his love for the sea and for his spirited *Gaucho*, Ernesto Uriburu brings the same interest and vitality to places and people and events. His whole approach shows him to be a traveler rather than a tourist. There is more to his attitude than curiosity; there is the very fact of living in a certain manner, of enjoying life and all the varied spectacles provided by the world, afloat or ashore. His way of seeing landscapes is not the only possible one—surely, after what he has to say of Sicily, Uriburu would be interested in reading Carlo Levi's description in *Words Are Stones*—but it is unquestionably

his own. Besides the anecdote and description to be expected in such a book, Uriburu seeks and achieves wider range in the chapter "Los Idiomas de los Hombres [The Languages of Men]" and in the beautiful lyric poem "La Muerte del Capitán Smith [The Death of Captain Smith]."

The fact is—and I have left this observation till last—that Ernesto Uriburu, a bold and adventurous sailor with the air of an old-time buccaneer and a talent for seamanship that he has put to the service of an impulse he himself calls "escapist," is above all that rare and complex specimen called a writer. His style is flexible and lively, lighted with a sense of humor, and given "point" and impact by the brilliance of metaphors chosen more for aptness than for display. Unquestionably he was a skillful captain and a tolerable cook on the *Gaucho*, but—what is more important to the reader—he is able not only to chronicle his own exploits but to re-create their very spirit.

EL HERMANO QUIROGA, by Ezequiel Martínez Estrada. Montevideo, Instituto Nacional de Investigaciones y Archivos Literarios del Uruguay, 1957. 85 p. Illus.

The famous short-story writer Horacio Quiroga (1879-1937) was a Uruguayan by birth, but he is considered, not without reason, an Argentine writer. Here he lived and here he died, having discovered for literature a region of this country—Alto Paraná, in the midst of semi-tropical jungle in what is now the province of Misiones. In this book Ezequiel Martínez Estrada, the pithy essayist of *Radiografía de la Pampa* (X-ray of the Pampa) and *La Cabeza de Goliat* (Goliath's Head) and an old and intimate friend of Quiroga's, tells of his close relationship with the author of *Anaconda* and *Cuentos de Amor, de Locura y de Muerte* (Stories of Love, Madness, and Death).

There are few documents of this kind in Argentine letters and perhaps none of such intensity. Martínez Estrada has lately been devoting himself to political writings in which the partial insights of his poetic intuition and the harsh energy of his Messianism perhaps fail to compensate for his lack of the method and rigor demanded by history and sociology. This has tended to blur his own portrait as a writer, though his style retained its splendor. But here his features are restored to all their old sharpness and precision; he gives us back his own image along with a surprisingly vivid likeness of Horacio Quiroga.

The title, which translates as "Brother Quiroga," describes the nature of his friendship with the hermit of the little Misiones village of San Ignacio. It also warns us not to expect a biography or a critical essay—the two most familiar ways of dealing with an artist. There are already good books on Quiroga (Martínez Estrada praises those of Delgado-Brignole and Pedro Orgambide) but this one is something else. In fifteen chapters that add up to only eighty-five pages, Martínez Estrada gives us the man and the writer alive and breathing, his soul, his primary impulses, the hidden motive power of his personality. It is a terrible portrait, and at the same

time something truer and more profound. Not a copy but a creation. For, whatever the advocates of photography may say, a genuine reconstruction of reality can only be achieved by means of creative power.

This Martinez Estrada has been able to achieve because of his friendship. Understanding Quiroga deeply, and in turn understood by him, he can identify himself with a man who, though destroying himself, yet bestowed life and comfort on others. What emerges is an immensely tragic figure, who shaped his destiny out of an inflexible loyalty to himself. We have known before now the external details of his voluntary confinement in Misiones, his motorcycle duels with the Rosario express train, his stories about animals and about the strange characters of Alto Paraná, his unjustly underestimated novel *Historia de Un Amor Turbio* (Story of a Turbulent Love). But now we can see more: a demoniacal and incorruptible spirit such as burns in every authentic creator, however he may hide it.

EL CABALLO EN LA VIDA DE SANTA FE, by Agustín Zapata Gollán. Santa Fe, Ediciones El Litoral, 1957. 220 p. Illus.

Though the title of this minutely documented work is "The Horse in the Life of Santa Fe," Agustín Zapata Gollán—writer, engraver, and above all historian—adds much to our knowledge of the whole Argentine scene as well as of his particular locality. His theme is summed up in the following paragraph: "The horse was a constant preoccupation of the city. The records of our Municipal Council preserve many references to brands, harnesses, horsemen; to the use of horses in the Indian wars, in stag-hunting, and in the round-up of wild cattle for hides and tallow; to their role in games, in popular diversions, and in public ceremonies, which came to be less and less ostentatious as the Creoles' innate feeling for freedom and democracy took effect."

The future wealth of the country was based on the animals brought to the River Plate. In stock-raising and its related activities the early settlers found a source of riches that was the only local alternative to the fabulous promise held out by more golden kingdoms. They built the first corrals, they established the first ranches, and they took up the tasks of cattlemen—turning over the jobs of horse-breaking, roundups, and so on to Negroes, mulattoes, and Indians, whose role should never be forgotten. The whole story becomes clear through Zapata Gollán's account and through his references to brands registered during the Spanish period, stock prices, and so forth. These details are not to be scorned, because they teach us about the ways of life, social structure, customs, trades, vocabulary, and psychology of the era. In other chapters, the author points out the importance of Santa Fe horsemen in the colonization of the rest of the River Plate area, and of horses in the Conquest itself.

The most interesting thing is to see how the country's riches originate in its very first days: Juan de Garay, the founder of both Santa Fe and Buenos Aires, was the principal rancher in Santa Fe Province, and his son-in-law, the famous Hernandarias, held the same position in

Entre Ríos. Similarly, Zapata Gollán shows how horses helped to usher in a new stage in the country's social evolution, when they were used by the "gringos" at the time the Constitution of 1853 was being voted on. All of which indicates that *El Caballo en la Vida de Santa Fe* is not, as it would seem to be, merely a monograph on a regional theme.

DIVINA PROPORCIÓN TIPOGRÁFICA, by Raúl Mario Rosarivo. La Plata, *Revista de Educación* (official publication of the Government of the Province of Buenos Aires), 1957. 96 p. Illus.

This book is for all who are not indifferent to the appearance of a printed page. Rosarivo, who has been concerned with the problems of typographical architecture for many years, now formulates a law that, in his opinion—and everything seems to indicate he is right, at least until evidence to the contrary is forthcoming—should put an end to the uncertainty and arbitrariness that have always determined the proportions of a book's pages. His standard is at once technical and aesthetic. So what was formerly left to the sensory appreciation of an artisan—whose infallibility Rosarivo logically questions—can now be established with precise rules.

"The typographical art," the author declares, "has its golden number and its canon and laws, . . . involving two rectangles—the text, and the surface that carries the text: the format or page."

Rosarivo has established a relation between the two, figuring a rectangle in which he also harmonizes the typographical unit, the pica. With this he offers mathematical formulas for calculating margins. The tables that accompany his text serve as a practical guide for the professional and show how carefully Rosarivo has verified his own theory, intuitively discovered by studying Gutenberg, the inventor of movable type.

But there is more to this book than technical elements. Rosarivo, who is well versed in philosophy and who is guided by a longing for aesthetic perfection, inscribes typographical harmony within a broader, universal harmony. So we detect a genuinely mystical origin behind that vigilant search for beauty in a craft that Rosarivo feels is both an art and a science.

ITINERARIO DEL PAYADOR, by Marcelino Román. Buenos Aires, Editorial Lautaro, 1957. 400 p.

An Argentine dictionary defines *payador* in these terms: "A troubadour who sings, accompanying himself on the guitar, generally in improvised dialogues." Dialogues that are improvised and in verse, with another *payador*, we should add.

The result of patient devotion over many years and of a rich feeling for the poetry of the people, *Itinerario del Payador* is important for an understanding of our culture and of its evolution in the popular strata of society. "In the payador," Román tells us, "the human being's eternal need for poetry finds expression. He is a representative of the people, a bud from inside it, made in its image, with its virtues and flaws, and with what the native land that nourished his spirit gave him—the

deep call of his homeland, the substance of all love and sorrows."

In the primitive and semi-barren setting of the Argentine plains, both in the distant years of Spanish domination and more recently, this poet of the people expressed their aspirations for poetry, their lyrical and metaphysical yearnings, as well as their desire to communicate with others. Poetry is communication, and that came alive in the troubadour.

Román puts this vast subject in order. Fortunately his outlook is far from that of a professor with only a card catalogue, but he does proceed systematically. For him, the troubadour is a fact of Argentine—and also of American—culture. His collection of the most primitive lyrical examples of our country is notably wide, which is not surprising since he has made earlier studies of folklore and composed beautiful poems in rhythms typical of various regions and countries of America. He does not overlook even the Eskimos, noting the moving detail that among them song is used to pacify quarreling individuals. In retracing the development to its origins, he pauses at various stages of the creative spirit of the Indian peoples. Through the prestige poetry held among peoples considered primitive, we discover their spiritual side. When Román points this out, directly or indirectly, he is attempting not an easy defense of the Indian but rather a defense of all human beings, regardless of race or color.

When he refers more concretely to the Argentine troubadour, we note that this popular poet helped to define the new type of Creole citizen who was emerging and to describe his environment. Popular poetry also documented the people's participation in history, reminding us that alongside its leading actors there is a mass that is not a mere carnival troupe just because it is anonymous. Román exhaustively examines all the currents of troubadours' poetry, down to our own day.

But this book is not merely an erudite study of a specialized project. Nor does Román follow the procedure of the collector who depends on the memory of old people. He does much more than that. He sees in poetry in general, and in popular poetry in particular, a clamorous call for "the complete realization of human life in a harmony between nature and society." For this reason, the book bears no resemblance to an entomologist's collection of bugs. A poet himself, Román exalts lively values and gives us a book that has much of the treatise about it but that basically is a warm vindication of all the American peoples through the evaluation of their songs and poetry in the face of an adverse history. These he sees not only as an escape valve but as a constructive force for the future.

ESCRITORES COLONIALES AMERICANOS, by Juan María Gutiérrez. Buenos Aires, Editorial Raigal, 1957. 480 p.

The fact that knowledge of our cultural evolution is still limited lends added significance to this effort to gather a series of studies by José María Gutiérrez into one volume entitled *Escrtores Coloniales Americanos* (American Colonial Writers). Although the essays had

been published before, they now read like something new since they are virtually unknown and it would be extremely difficult to trace them in the original publications. In giving a title to the book, Gregorio Weinberg, who compiled it, followed the pattern established by the Argentine Academy of Letters, which called *Poets of the Revolution* by the same author an anthology of literary essays.

The volume includes essays about Pedro Peralta Barneujo, of Peru (1663-1746); Fray Juan Luis Ayllón, of Peru, born in 1605; the famous Mexican Juan Ruiz de Alarcón, who died in 1639; Juan Caviedes, Peruvian, also seventeenth-century; Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, Mexican, born in 1651; Pedro de Oña, Chilean, author of *El Arauco Domado*, published in Lima in 1596; Juan Bautista Aguirre, Ecuador's best poet of the eighteenth century; and Pablo de Olavide, Peruvian (1725-1803). The essays on Peralta Barneujo, Pedro de Oña, and Juan Bautista Aguirre are the most important ones. It is worth noting the dates since they show us how far back Juan María Gutiérrez had to go in order to give us a picture of colonial life and thus contribute to a better understanding of the New World. The book also covers the life of the authors and analyzes their works—in many cases real discoveries.

Juan María Gutiérrez was one of the leading literary figures of Argentina during the past century (1809-1878). Although he advocated cultural liberation from Spain, he admitted the need for understanding traditional ties with the mother country. With a whole continent for his scope, he aroused a feeling of American unity among the different people and countries he selected. *Escrtores Coloniales Americanos* is interesting not only for its literary criticism but also as a work of history and sociology. Gregorio Weinberg, who compiled the essays and wrote the introduction and notes preceding each of Juan María Gutiérrez's works, has done a superb job.

Bernardo Verbitsky is AMERICAS' regular literary correspondent in Buenos Aires.

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SUNLIT LANDS

THE CARIBBEAN: A JOURNEY WITH PICTURES, by Fritz Henle and P. E. Knapp. New York, Studio Publications, Inc., in association with Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1957. 208 p. \$5.95.

This book, consisting almost entirely of photographs by Fritz Henle, gives us a kaleidoscopic but naturally incomplete view of the lands of the Caribbean and their peoples. The photographs, as typified in these selections, measure up to Mr. Henle's regular high standard, but the printing of the book scarcely does them credit, apparently because an off-black "easy-on-the-eyes" ink is used that washes out much of their contrast. In his introduction, Mr. Knapp explains that the volume "tries to present a grounding in the ways of Caribbean life" and makes no attempt to provide practical travel tips. But treating such a varied area as a single unit may produce some confusion, and presenting views of schools or hotels as examples of "the region's" progress, with no indication of where they are, is carrying anonymity in captions too far.



Balconied and besflowered street corner on island of Martinique is typically French

Final photograph is this West Indian lady garbed with patriotism and without inhibition

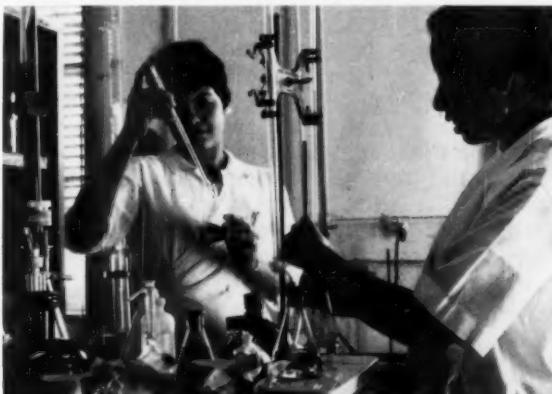


Building boom in Caracas. Land on surrounding hillsides has become so valuable that an acre may cost more than a seagoing yacht



Grading sisal in a Haitian factory. Fibers are important Caribbean industry

Challenge of tropical medicine attracts Caribbean young people. Book fails to identify location of this laboratory



ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

THE FLIGHT OF TIN

Nature of the Trade. The tin trade has always been international, for this metal, essential to industry, is not mined in substantial quantities in any major industrialized country. Ninety per cent of world mine output is contributed by six countries—Malaya, Indonesia, Bolivia, the Belgian Congo, Thailand, and Nigeria, in order of volume. For Bolivia, tin accounted for 60 to 70 per cent of the value of all exports in the years 1950-55. Other American countries that produce minor quantities of ore are Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, Peru, and the United States. The main smelting plants are in Malaya, the United Kingdom, the Netherlands, Belgium, the Belgian Congo, West Germany, and the United States.

Although industrial countries need tin both for manufacturing and for military security, the demand has not kept pace with supply, largely because of economies in its use or substitution of other materials. Most tin ends up in tin plate, solder, babbitt metal, bronze, or brass. Since the cost of the tin is a very small part of the total cost of the end product, prices do not influence demand. This means that tin prices are liable to fluctuate widely unless some method can be found to adjust supplies quickly to changing demand.

International Agreement of 1953. Every year from 1947 through 1956, world tin production exceeded commercial consumption. Most of the difference—about 300,000 tons over the ten years—went into U.S. or other defense stockpiles. At the close of World War II it was obvious that defense demands would not continue to absorb the surplus indefinitely, and a Tin Study Group organized by a U.N. Tin Conference in 1946 worked out the International Tin Agreement of 1953. Its aim was to stabilize the market, prevent unemployment, and assure adequate long-term supplies. The agreement went into effect July 1, 1956.

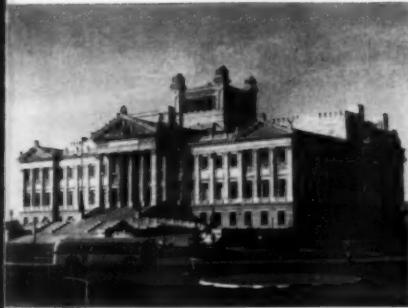
It established an International Tin Council in London, on which both producing and consuming member countries are represented. (The United States does not belong.) The Council controls a buffer stock of up to 25,000 tons of tin, which can be bought or sold to restrain price fluctuations. A support price of £640 per ton (raised to £730 in March 1957) and a ceiling price of £880 were set. The manager of the buffer stock is required to buy tin whenever the London cash price hits the support level and to sell at the ceiling figure. At prices between 730 and 780 he may buy if he thinks it advisable, as he may sell between 830 and 880. In the middle zone, he must take instructions from the Council. Producer countries got the fund going with contributions, mainly in cash, equivalent to 15,000 tons at the floor price. The Council was empowered to set export quotas for the producing countries when the buffer stock contained 10,000 tons of metal.

Recent Developments. Since last October, the London price has been bouncing around close to the support level. A second contribution of 5,000 tons for the buffer stock, or, preferably, the corresponding price in cash, was called for at the end of November and a third a month later. Early in December, the Council adopted export quotas for the producing countries, proportioned to their previous output, for the period from December 15 to March 15, 1958, totalling 27,000 tons, a drop of 28.5 per cent.

In January, the period for this quota was extended to March 31, which made the cut equivalent to 40 per cent, and a new quota of 23,000 tons was set for the three months beginning April 1. These moves worked considerable hardship on some of the producers, who had had to borrow against future output to pay their contributions to the buffer stock. However, the countries seemed determined to defend the agreement and the floor price in the face of speculation that the buffer funds would be inadequate to maintain it. Some countries volunteered additional funds for the purpose. Further action may be taken shortly. Another problem in 1957 was the appearance of impure tin from the Soviet Union on Free World markets, which may be a form of economic attack.

KNOW YOUR URUGUAYAN NEIGHBORS?

Answers on Page 44



1. One of the best-known landmarks of Montevideo is this building, constructed almost entirely of marble. Is it the opera house, the presidential residence, or the legislative palace?

2. Buildings like this, known as *paradores*, are frequently seen in the interior of Uruguay. Are they living quarters for sheep-ranch foremen, grange halls, or taverns and small inns for tourists?

3. The sun symbol on flag and coat-of-arms of both Uruguay (shown here) and Argentina represents independence. The two countries were once part of the same Spanish Viceroyalty. Can you name it?

4. Between 1811 and 1820 José Gervasio Artigas led the struggle for freedom against Spain. Was Uruguay known then as Sacramento, Banda Oriental, or the Cisplatine Province?

5. Hernando Arias de Saavedra (Hernandarias) was an early Spanish governor of Uruguay. Is he chiefly remembered for writing an epic poem on the conquest of the area or for introducing cattle?

6. According to legend, was Montevideo, the Uruguayan capital, named after a river, the sighting of a mountain, or an Indian chief?

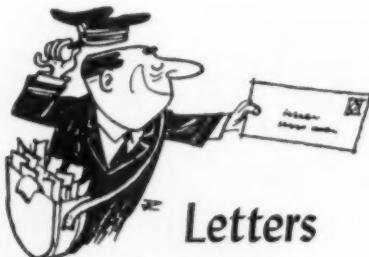
7. Santa Teresa Fortress is said to be the oldest colonial military monument still standing in South America. Is it on the River Plate or near the Brazilian border?

8. Punta del _____ is renowned as one of the most beautiful seaside resorts in Latin America. Fill in the blank.

9. Uruguay, the smallest republic in South America, is almost entirely a ranching country. Is its chief export meat, wool, or hides?

10. This life-size bronze monument, *La Carrreta* (The Cart), in Batlle y Ordóñez Park, Montevideo, depicts the life of the country's early pioneers. Was it done by Antonio Pena, José Belloni, or Antonio Frasconi?





Letters

WESTWARD BY TURNPIKE

Dear Sirs:

I was especially interested in the article about the Philadelphia-Lancaster Turnpike ("Westward by Turnpike," by Mark Boesch) in the March issue. It happens that I was born . . . in a village through which it passes, about nine miles east of Lancaster. My earliest ancestors, French Huguenots, settled in that section of Lancaster County about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Near the turn of that century my great-grandfather . . . established his home in the village which was later called Paradise. He had much to do with the building of the stone bridge spanning the Conestoga Creek (or river) near Lancaster, rebuilt in recent years like the original and still known as "Witmer Bridge." He also had an inn on the Turnpike at which, according to tradition, Lafayette stopped on his journey over the Turnpike in 1825. The building is still standing. I have the old clock, dated about 1800, which was a part of the furnishings of the inn. My great-grandfather owned much of the land now occupied by the village of Paradise. . . . Until about 1900 a stagecoach operated between Lancaster and Paradise.

Rev. William La Rue Witmer
Coatesville, Pennsylvania

MONEYBAG FROM LOS ANGELES

Dear Sirs:

Encountering one's own name in print, especially if it is a fairly unusual one, is generally accompanied, I think, with shock or surprise. That was my experience when I recently read "Moneybags from Colombia" [September 1957]. . . . Patronymically, I have never come upon anyone of my name not quite directly connected with my lineage in this country. I have never before met up with my name as a common noun; this latter, I suspect, being merely indicative of my provincialism. . . . It is, to me, however, etymologically interesting that among my childhood's derisive nicknames was "Carry-all." . . . I was in Mexico about twenty-five years ago and, retrospectively, it does seem to me that I was approached by more than the average tourist's quota of get-rich-quick natives with bright ideas. (Among them was a proposal that I navigate a gun-running ship to a country farther south.) . . . At that time, in my innocence, I never suspected that my surname (meaning in Spanish "a

satchel for the transportation of money") was just about equivalent to a sign pinned to the seat of my pants reading: "Kick me here."

Cruse Carriel
Los Angeles, California

CASALS FESTIVAL

Dear Sirs:

Though belatedly, I wish to express my deepest appreciation for the honor bestowed on me through the Pan American Union in awarding me one of the fellowships to attend the Casals Festival last Spring in Puerto Rico. [Twenty students were given fellowships sponsored by private individuals and firms. The winners were selected by a 10-man panel, one member of which represented the PAU]. I was thrilled by the music and outstanding Festival performers. . . . While there I met the families of two Puerto Rican students who are studying at Baltimore's Peabody Conservatory of Music. (I myself plan to receive a Bachelor's Degree in Composition from Peabody this year). . . . The island is more colorful than I ever imagined and I shall always remember fondly the pleasant days I spent there.

Shari B. Fleming
Baltimore, Maryland

"SUMA DICTIONARY"

Dear Sirs:

I have received a few inquiries as a result of my letter published in the October 1957 issue of AMERICAS concerning "suma, the one-thousand-word world universal language." . . . I venture to think that there is a con-

siderable amount of interest in the general subject of an international language. . . . Your readers may like to know that my "suma Phrase Dictionary," which contains about three thousand common phrases useful to travelers, plus appendices, and a three-thousand-word English-suma dictionary, is available at a dollar to individuals and seventy-five cents to libraries and associations. International Reply Coupons are acceptable.

Barnett Russell, M.D.
1219 Gardena Boulevard
Gardena, California

ASSIGNMENT WANTED

Dear Sirs:

. . . I am looking for a "spot" assignment in Latin America. In a two-or-three weeks' trip, I'd like to do some work for someone to help cover expenses. . . . I am the associate editor for a leading publisher of children's textbooks, working particularly on geography texts, and have had much administrative experience. . . . During the last seven years I have spent some time in South America, the Caribbean area, Central America, and Spain. . . .

Alice R. Craemer
422 Harvard Avenue
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 43

1. The legislative palace. 2. Taverns and inns for tourists. 3. Viceroyalty of Rio de la Plata. 4. Banda Oriental. 5. For introducing cattle. 6. The sighting of a mountain (a lookout on one of Magellan's ships is supposed to have shouted "Monte visto eu!"). 7. Near the Brazilian border. 8. Este. 9. Wool. 10. José Belloni.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must apply individually, print their names and addresses, and be able to write in at least two of the OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by initials; students should say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

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The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.



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